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PROBE THE DARK SIDE

VCA PICTURES unleashes two new features that explore another dimension where sleek bodies and wild minds intersect for supernatural sex — **DARK ANGEL** and **FLESH AND FANTASY**.

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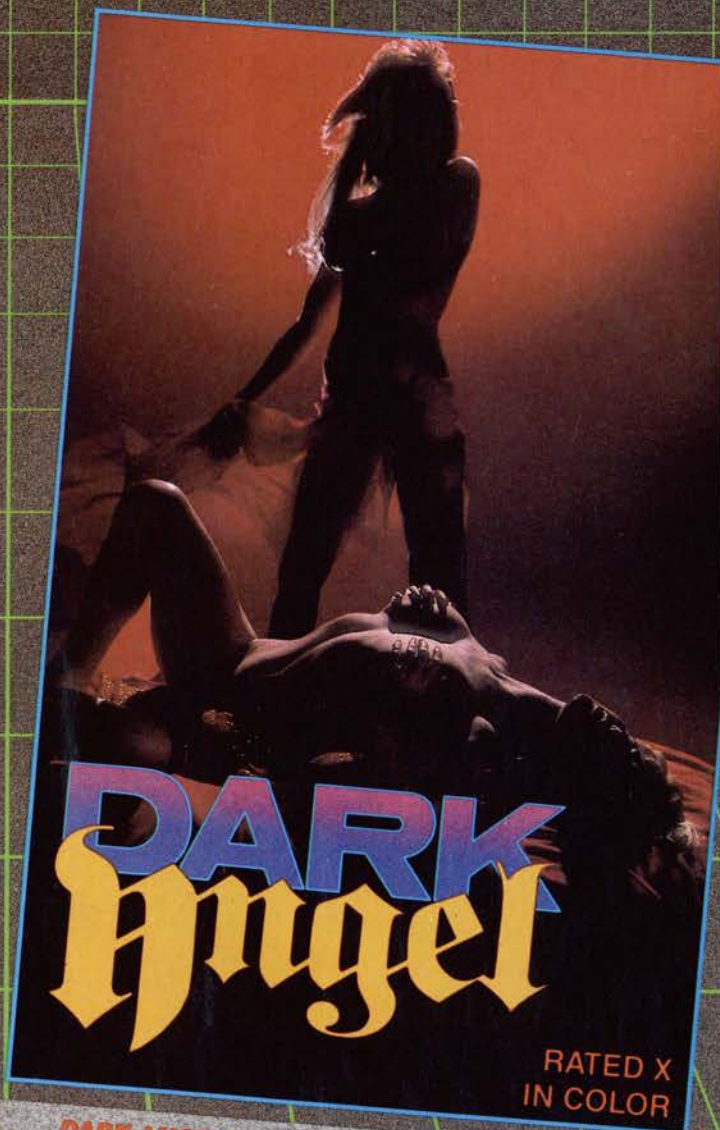


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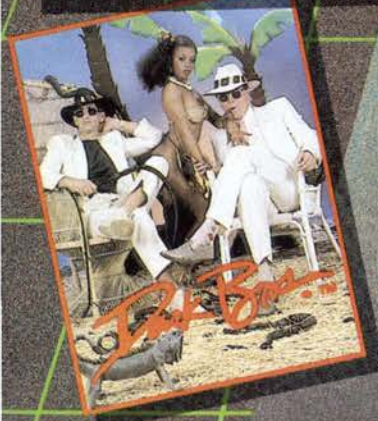
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Feedback



FANTASIES FULFILLED:

I enjoyed *Veronica: Ship Shape* (June '86). She is a knockout and fulfills a few of my fantasies about some women in my town who look like her. She looks like she needs some horsefucking all night long.

—R. V.
Clovis, New Mexico

GREASING HIS PALM:

I've been reading your magazine and checking out your good-looking women for years, but you've outdone yourself now. In the May '86 issue you ran a photo-layout by Matti Klatt titled *Bolts From the Blue*. The brunette that portrays the "grease monkey" is the most beautiful woman I have ever laid my eyes on. I hope you will consider running a solo layout of her. She has to be a boost for your subscription numbers.

—J. B.
St. Albans, West Virginia

MUFFY DIVERS:

Excellent! Excellent! I have to say about your May '86 centerfold, *Muffy: An American Original*. I think it's about time that men's magazines got off their high horse and quit thinking that everyone wants blondes, blondes and more blondes. Last year I subscribed to HUSTLER because you guys have the same sick sense of humor that I do. Now I have renewed for three years because I see you have the balls to find the beauty of a natural redhead with freckles adorning your pages when most men's magazines wouldn't waste film on one.

Let's see more redheads in the near future, and the more freckles the better. You'll have a subscriber for life.

—J. A.
Greenville, Pennsylvania

I've been a fan of HUSTLER for years, and you guys at HUSTLER have had some beautiful and well-built babes posing for you. There hasn't been many

that didn't turn me on. But I want you to know that, thanks to HUSTLER, I have found the woman of my dreams. I picked up your May '86 issue, and there she was: red hair, pink cunt, plump ass and luscious tits. But honestly, fellas, it was the cover shot of her that prompted me to buy the magazine. And I fell in love instantly! Not only is Muffy the best model you've ever featured, but the most beautiful woman ever created.

—Desperately Seeking Muffy
Newark, Ohio

PICKING A WINNER:

I just picked up your May '86 issue (my first one) and wow! I never take time to write letters, but I had to—all these beautiful women, and guess who I can't stop thinking about? No, not one of the models, but Sexy Sue from Indianapolis in the

Beaver Hunt section. I spent two hours at work with the biggest hard-on in my life. Finally, after the office had cleared out, I whipped out the big guy, along with Sue, and creamed all over the office carpet. It felt great! Any chance of seeing some more of Sue?

—J. T.
Long Beach, California

Sexy Sue was our Beaver Hunt Winner, and her six-page pictorial appeared in our special July '86 12th Anniversary Issue.

FIRST-TIME CHARM:

As a first-time buyer of your magazine, I was very impressed with your May '86 issue, especially the photo-feature *Jonelle: Rooftop Rendezvous*. They are the most breathtaking pictures I've ever seen. Jonelle has the cutest green eyes, not to mention those nipples! And I'd love to eat that taco. Keep up the good work and wonderful poses, and I'll continue to buy your No. 1 men's magazine. Give Jonelle my regards.

—M. L.
North Attleboro, Massachusetts

STALKING AMBER:

Amber Lynn gives great interview—honest and exciting (*Amber Lynn: Porn's Busiest Beaver*, April '86). I nominate her as the national spokesperson for the Celery Growers of America.

—A. C.
Glastonbury, Connecticut

HUSTLER HELPS:

First of all, let me say that your magazine is the greatest. It just gets better and



Veronica

more daring with each new issue. But I've noticed that people rarely write and let you know how HUSTLER has affected their sex lives directly.

I'm a sexually active 24-year-old black female, and I live with a hunk of a white, masculine bodybuilder. We were both brought up in strict households, and our relationship reflected that upbringing from the onset. But about 2½ years ago we started reading HUSTLER—not only the jokes and the pictorials, but the articles on relationships, respect and sexuality in general. I'm happy to say that today we are enjoying a fabulous, sexually safe and sound, open relationship. And your magazine was a big part of that.

—Kelly and Steve
Virginia Beach, Virginia

SMIFFING OUT FERDY:

Enclosed is one of your *old* (May '80) issues, which featured then-Philippines President Ferdinand Marcos as Asshole of the Month. It's amazing how accurate you are in picking your Assholes of the Month and how the individual lives up to the label. Maybe he can rate as Asshole of the Year.

—B. L.
Wallkill, New York

CRITIQUING OUR CRITICS:

I live and die by your magazine. In fact, HUSTLER is my Bible. My problem,

though, is with all your condemning critics. Surely these people have better things to do than write letters telling us that they are never buying HUSTLER again!

Who gives a flying fuck?! If they feel that way, they were never HUSTLER material to begin with. Return then to their closed-minded, sexually suppressed encounters. Good riddance! HUSTLER forever.

—Big John Stud
Middle Village, New York

As a member of the armed forces of the United States, I sweat my balls off working long and hard hours just to protect my Constitutional rights as a citizen! Then some real asshole, like the Reverend Jerry Falwell, comes along and tries to take away my rights. Let's send his ass and all the other pro-censorship people to the Soviet Union. Or better yet, send 'em to Libya and see how well they really like censorship!

Also, my faith to God and the Church is very strong; so a few of the religious cartoons do bother me but, hey, this is America! Don't ever give in!

—J. T.
U.S. Navy, Guam

After watching a panel of self-appointed "experts" on the effects of sex and violence, I have to say that it sickens me to think of the plans these people have for

protecting the rest of us "ignorant" souls. It's always seemed strange to me that these same people will accept seeing dozens of murders in prime-time TV shows, but choke at the sight of nudity. I think these people would rather that we tell our children that everything between the nipples and the knees is cardboard stage props.

—Name Withheld by Request
Louisville, Kentucky

READERS BEHIND THE LENS:

I've been a fan of HUSTLER for many years. You have a great magazine that offers both humor and true insight, not to mention lovely ladies!

However, I would like to see a photo-spread with more imagination and fantasy: perhaps a young lady on her visit to the gynecologist? You know, with her knees high in the air, her feet in the stirrups, her butt hanging off the table and the young doctor with his fingers up her cunt. Then maybe it's time for a rectal examination. At any rate, keep up the good work!

—R. M.
Austin, Texas

Let me say first that I find your magazine very good and entertaining. The articles and models are great, but I must say I find the photography very boring, always showing the same posing, style and elements of photography. At times it seems as if your girl-sets are also advertisements for tasteful (and occasionally ill-fitting) shoes. I mean, it's gotten to the point where I can name the in-house photographer just by the style of his photography in the magazine.

I think this is a great disservice to HUSTLER, the models, the photographer who puts his creative brain to sleep and to most of the readers.

Why not invite up-and-coming photographers to do a photo-session? I'd bet this would boost your sales, wake up the in-house photographers, perk up your readers and provide an opportunity for talented shutterbugs to strut their stuff.

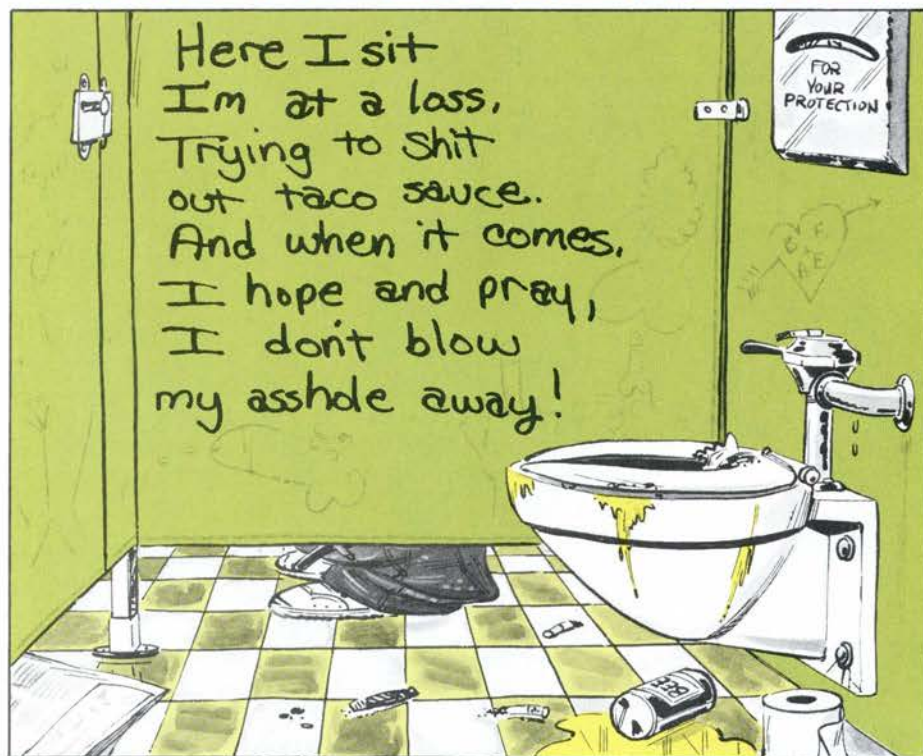
—T. T.
Martinez, California

I'm a serviceman stationed in West Germany, and I've always adored the exquisite photos that grace your pages. I have one question: Why don't you do a layout of European babes? I've been here for 15 months and, believe me, this place is pussy heaven! Let's hear it for fraulein freaks!

—D. K.
Ever-Ready Army
West Germany

According to our Director of Photography, James Baes, many readers like D. K. select HUSTLER precisely for the photographic (continued on page 92)

GRAFFILTHY



THANK AND \$50 TO T.C., MILWAUKEE, WI

HOT LETTERS

BUSINESS BITCH

When I met Evan, I had no reason to believe that he would change me from the high-powered, businesslike personality that comes with being an executive for a Texas oil corporation. In fact, I saw nothing wrong with my professional life. I was both demanding in the boardroom . . . and in the bedroom. But then along came Evan.

From the moment I met him, he displayed an air of sexuality that attracted me to him. His white-toothed smile, confident swagger and hearty drawl reeked of pure, raw sex. He was charming in a good-ol'-boy sense, and his personality was a welcomed departure from the pretentious phonies I tend to meet in corporate circles. Very quickly I realized that he wasn't like most of the men I knew: hard on the outside and all mush on the inside.

Habits die hard, and on my first date with Evan I slipped into my old ways of directing the conversation and controlling the pace. At an elegant Dallas restaurant I ordered the drinks and our dinner entrees. Then abruptly, without a word, he grabbed my arm and ushered me out onto the street, his grip squeezing my arm. Fury flashed in his eyes, and for the first time in my life I was scared to death. What would he do to me? Where was he taking me? Strangely enough, it was at that moment of panic that I noticed how handsome Evan was, his anger intensifying the beauty of his eyes and the sexiness of his mouth.

After we arrived at his apartment, he went directly to the bar and mixed himself a drink, almost ignoring me. When he did turn to me, it was with a curt order to strip. I was stunned, frozen.

"Do as you're told!" Evan commanded, his voice snapping like the firm crack of a leather whip.

Shaking with fear and excitement, I stepped out of my dress to stand before him in just my bra and panties. Slowly, as I watched in both horror and wild antici-

pation, he removed his belt. Then, in one fluid motion, he grabbed me by the hair and threw me over his lap so that my bottom was thrust in the air. I fought back with all my strength, but his strong right hand held me in place.

He yanked down my panties and exposed my ass. I heard the *whoosh* and then felt his belt hitting my naked butt. Instantly I cried out in pain, but there was no stopping him now. Only when I started to sob like a baby did he throw away



the belt and take me in his arms, comforting me.

Evan soothed me with raspy words and subtle warnings. My days, he told me, of being a cold, domineering bitch were over. If I was to be treated like a lady, I was expected to behave as one, and he'd see that I did.

As he gently scolded me, desire swelled within me. When he turned my face to his and held my cheeks between his powerful hands, I kissed him timidly. He slowly undid my bra and slipped it off, then nibbled on my breasts until I thought I'd scream. He started working his way down to my pussy, but just as I arched to meet his mouth, he flipped me over and started licking my red bottom. I exploded,

shuddering with orgasm after orgasm, and before the last one was over, he plunged into my cunt, bringing me over the top one final time.

Evan made me feel like a new woman, and upon his instructions I moved in to his place. Everytime I act bitchy, he quickly turns me over his knee and spansks some sense into me. Every day when I get home, I change from my demure business suit into a corset, stocking, garter belt and high heels. I'm always there to greet Evan at the door with a drink when he arrives, and if he's had a bad day, I know I'm in for a long, hard night.

The last time that I got in really serious trouble, though, was when I stayed out past my curfew. I snuck back into the apartment only to find Evan sitting calmly on the couch, holding a cane whip in his hand. Sitting beside him was his best friend, Dale. I was terrified as well as embarrassed. Then, making matters worse, Evan ordered me to the bedroom and told me to strip and lie facedown on the bed.

Seconds later, Dale was tying my hands to the bedposts while Evan casually tickled my naked backside with the tip of the cane and listened impassively to my whimpering promises never again to come home late. Suddenly, the cane whizzed through the air and struck me directly on my ass, filling me with pain. The second blow made me cry out. I twisted and pulled on the ropes, but I was tied securely and couldn't get free. Then Evan handed Dale the cane and told him to continue punishing me.

Through my tears and humiliation I saw Evan slowly strip, climb up onto the bed and position his cock against my face. Through all the pain I was determined to perform just as Evan had taught me, and I concentrated on that task throughout the terrible thrashing his friend administered to me.

Later, after Dale had left, Evan kept me tied up to the bed. Throughout the night he fucked me and whipped me. And, for the first time, he fucked my ass.

Then, at daybreak, he freed me and allowed me to cuddle in his strong, protective arms.

I'm so lucky to have a strong man who loves me enough to keep me in line. I don't know how I managed without him.

—L. Y.
Dallas, Texas

BEACH BOFF

I hadn't seen Jane in three years, but she hadn't changed. She had left the San Diego seaside to get back to the "real world" for a while. We had been neighbors in an apartment building that was a block away from the beach. Now Jane lived and worked in Santa Ana, and she surprised me with a big hug and a kiss.



"She spread her thighs, jutting her abdomen forward, showing me the golden hairs of her pussy."

"Meet me by the pier tonight," she whispered after about ten minutes of getting-reacquainted conversation. We were in the midst of a hot spell, and the July evenings offered little relief from the heat of the day. I knew that there would be a lot of people seeking the breeze down by the ocean—but I also knew a secluded spot underneath the pier where we wouldn't be disturbed.

Jane was there, around ten, wearing the same skimpy bikini she'd worn the last time I'd seen her. "You won't have to fight to get off me this time," she said, coming on hot and horny. "I've been thinking about this, and wanting it, since the last time I saw you."

Jane lay back against the piling under the pier, both of us hidden in the dark, where no one could see us. With her arms wrapped around the wooden pile, she juttied her hips out, moving her ass from side to side, cooing and wooing me on.

I couldn't resist taking a moment to relish how great she looked. The years had done her damn well. Her waist was still narrow, maybe a little wider of hips, but in a nice way. And her tits, God, they were busting out of her bikini.

"Come on, Scott," she urged. "Get me naked. I wanna fuck so bad with you."

My head was spinning. Damn, here she was, coming back from my past without warning.

I went down on my knees and slid her suit bottom down her legs. As soon as I

nearby waves breaking onto the shore.

She tasted and smelled so good. I loved eating her out. My face was flush against her cunt, and my tongue went deep into her, stretching so far it had me sore, but I was loving it. The flow from her cunt was almost sweet-tasting—nice stuff. As I reached up for her tits, getting under her bikini top, Jane started to climax. Her hands ravaged through the curling length of my hair, urging me to stay tight on her pussy, tongue-fucking, doing her clit.

I kept one hand working her breasts, playing with taut nipples. My other hand grabbed her ass, pulling her loins against my face, letting my tongue do her.

Jane's legs gave out in the midst of her orgasm, making me fight to hold her up until her peak washed through her. Spent, her bikini top twisted off her tits, she came down on the sand beside me. "Do what you want, Scott," Jane breathed. Looking very pleased, she then spread her legs, her bare ass rubbing against the warm, white sand.

My cock throbbed eagerly as I undid my pants. The insides of her thighs, all the way up into her pussy, were slick and sticky with humid arousal. I rubbed my cock all over her, getting primed with her juices, then sought out her entrance and got my cock head in line with the slit in her folds. Jane slipped one hand on each side of her labia and eased herself open for me, giving me a great shot into spread pink that shone glossily even in the darkness beneath the pier.

The tip of my prick slipped up and down against her folds a few times; then I wanted it all. I plunged straight down into her, feeling the tight wrap of her channel fighting to accommodate me as I seared deep inside her cunt. She was so tight and hot, a fantastic tension doing my shaft.

"Go ahead!" she urged loudly. "Ride me! Get off on me. In me!" She pulled her knees up to her tits, holding them there, giving me a straight-down shot into her cunt; just me on top of her as I slammed my cock in and out of her hole—no restraints, just hard, fast, in-and-out fucking, with my cock head popping her entrance. My juices began flowing fast and strong, building, then spewed all over her insides, getting me off with a fantastic high as I jismied her full of semen.

Exhausted, we lay on the sand awhile—me on top of her, feeling her tits, leaving my cock inside her slick hole, both of us

"I reached over and unbuttoned Mary's blouse before she could work on my knob. I wanted to see some skin."



smiling. It had been a long time since we were last here together, but damned if she hadn't improved over the duration.

—S. A.
San Diego, California

HITCHING A RIDE

I'm a student at an Oregon university, and I'd like to share a personal experience that unfolded along Interstate 5. I was hitchhiking my way back to campus and was picked up by a young couple, Tom and Mary. To break the ice, I told them that as a kid I had a pair of pet gerbils named Tom and Mary.

I sat in the front seat next to Mary while her husband drove. Mary was pretty cute, in a skinny sort of way, with shoulder-length brown hair and perky little tits. Tom was a weaselly-looking guy—scrawny, with a real nasal tone to his voice. They said they worked together at a Los Angeles hospital and were heading home from a vacation in Portland. We chatted about the crummy weather in the Northwest and football. After some more small talk, Tom asked me if I'd ever been involved in an orgy.

I got a hard-on right away. "Yes, once," I said. "Have you?" I could feel the pressure of Mary's leg against mine when he answered. "Yeah, Mary and I have gone to several. I really like to watch Mary suck guys off. As a matter of fact, it looks like your cock could use some work."

At this point my heart and my mind were racing, and my prick was throbbing like crazy. Mary had her hand on my leg and was smiling at me. What could I say? She slowly unzipped my pants, and my dick sprang straight up into her hands. Tom kept looking at my cock and telling me how big it was while he rubbed his own dick and drove. I reached over and unbuttoned Mary's blouse before she

could start to work on my knob. I wanted to see some skin.

An expert, she worked her tongue all over my cock really fast, up and down, then swallowed me whole. I wasn't prepared for that and groaned, almost doubling over in ecstasy. Mary quickly helped me pull my jeans completely off while she sucked and licked my hard-on. Her pink, pointy nipples became taut while I massaged them—when I could concentrate—the pleasure was driving me crazy.

By now Tom was really worked up, and he decided to find a place for us to park so he could get in on the action. We wound up in an old cemetery, and just as I was about to let loose with my load, Mary let my cock plop out of her mouth. It was torture, but I loved it. Meanwhile, Tom was masturbating like a wild man and sucking on his old lady's titties. Mary was out of control and yelled for me to put my rod in her mouth again. I complied. My sperm was building up to astronomical proportions, and in seconds my white-hot cum went gushing down her throat—the excess dribbling down her pretty face just as her hubby shot a thick load onto her boobs.

Tom just sat there daydreaming, but Mary wanted more. She pulled her pants off and asked me to fuck her. Just looking at her tight little twat made me hard again, and her juices were super-wet and flowing as I squeezed my aching dick into

(continued on page 92)

"I rammed her hard from behind, sliding my prick into her body while she took Tom's cock into her mouth."



IN COLOR

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Photography: RON VOGEL, POM AGENCY

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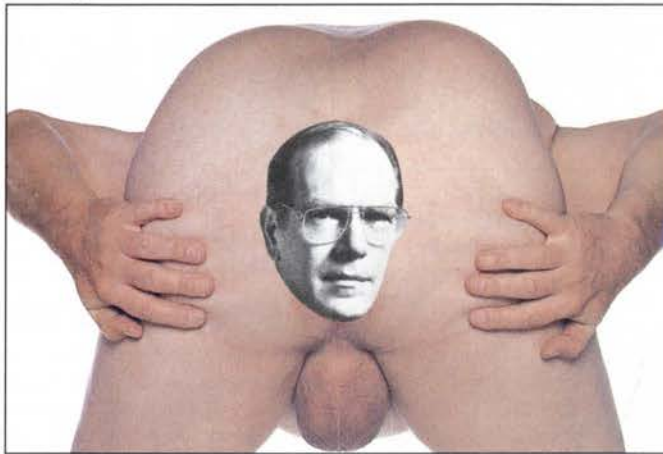
ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

What would you call a political fanatic who says anything to gain money and support, and who spinelessly tries to hide his private views behind safe words? We'd call him Lyndon LaRouche, Asshole of the Month.

Although only 1% of Americans take this turd in the political toilet seriously, he is a serious problem. Calling his group the National Democratic Policy Committee to horn in on the real Democrats, LaRouchians won two key primary spots in a low-key Illinois Democratic election. The Democratic Party recognizes LaRouche and his goons for what they are, but not as Democrats. Legitimate candidate Adlai Stevenson III left the tainted ticket rather than be associated with LaRouche's politics.

Of course, the gutless shitstreak's gang is being investigated for possible campaign violations, but they just call it a "witch hunt." That's how they respond to all probes of their shady methods, like reports

Lyndon LaRouche



of credit-card fraud (people would subscribe to magazines, then get a credit-card bill for up to thousands in expenditures) and using money collected by the Anti-Drug Coalition to fuel LaRouche's political machine. In fact, not only private citizens but corporate giants and even the Teamsters had tripped over themselves to fund LaRouche's front

organization.

Starting out a Commie, then fighting all his comrades until he embraced the ideas and methods of Adolf Hitler, this diaperful of drivel insists the Illinois backdoor victory is a signal that the nation wants LaRouche's confused thinking for guidance. He believes that

"all women are lesbians" and that the Queen of England pushes drugs. In fact, all of LaRouche's enemies are "drug pushers."

Not only does this asscheese soft-sell or outright misstate his views (he uses the word *British* instead of *Jewish* to disguise his vicious anti-Semitism), but historically his thugs have attacked opponents either physically or with smear campaigns, techniques adopted from Hitler's rise to power.

Once, for publicity, LaRouche's roaches got a dying man—who had won court approval to spend his last hours in peace—rehooked to a dialysis machine, and he spent his last hours in agony. It wasn't a concern for human life, but a sign of LaRouche's aim to control when and how we die as well as how we live.

Like any asshole, the more LaRouche is exposed, the stronger the scent of shit that emanates from such crackpot ideas.

Turd Tunes

Yes, fecal music lovers, it's time once more for that annual roundup of the most excretory artists on record. Just dump this LP on your turntable, plop your pooper down and prepare to hold your nose. This vinyl offering will definitely *not* waste your time. It might even relieve your constipation!





Tit Tattoo

Contest!

Girls, show us what you've got. HUSTLER is on the lookout for weird, wild and witty physical graffiti—specifically tattooed tits. If your lady possesses intriguing booby art, she could be the winner of \$300 and immortality in the pages of HUSTLER. Entering is easy. Just snap a few clear Polaroids of the chest in question and fire those mammary-grams off to *Tattoo*, HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Be sure to fill out and include the *Beaver Hunt* model release on page 92, or a reasonable facsimile. Now, drop those bras and say "Cheese!"

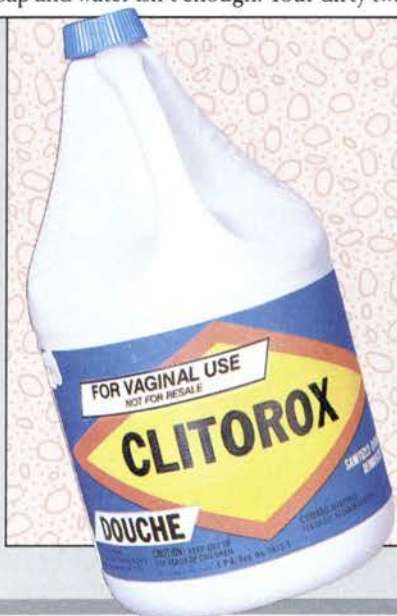


Concentration Camp

It's back, and better than ever. Join host Spew Downs and his hapless, helpless contestants as they play the high-stakes, high-risk game of Concentration Camp. The winner gets a set of lamp shades and a supply of stone soap. The loser . . . well, you get the idea.

Clean Cooze

There's nothing worse than a stinky vagina. And a lady's love tunnel can get just that way if it's neglected. But the fairer sex needn't fluster, because now there's Clitorox, America's first industrial-strength douche. Clitorox keeps the pussy prim and prissy, killing those nasty bacteria. Remember, ladies: Simple soap and water isn't enough. Your dirty twat needs Clitorox!



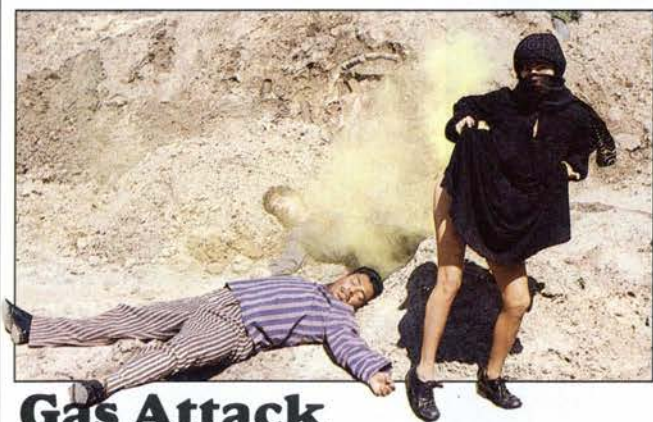
Marcos Wealthy, M.D.

Looks like good old Ferdinand Marcos will be in the public eye for some time to come. Ferdy has just been signed to an exclusive contract with a major Hollywood studio to play the role of Marcos Wealthy, Medical Dictator, the first ousted Philippines leader to join the ranks of Hawaii's practicing physicians.

Marcos responded to rumors that his annual salary will be somewhere in the multimillion-dollar range with a terse, "So what? That will barely keep my retinue in cocktail napkins. I'm doing this for my people and because I just love the chance to wear a uniform again."



Parody: Not to be taken seriously. Celebrity head on our model's body.



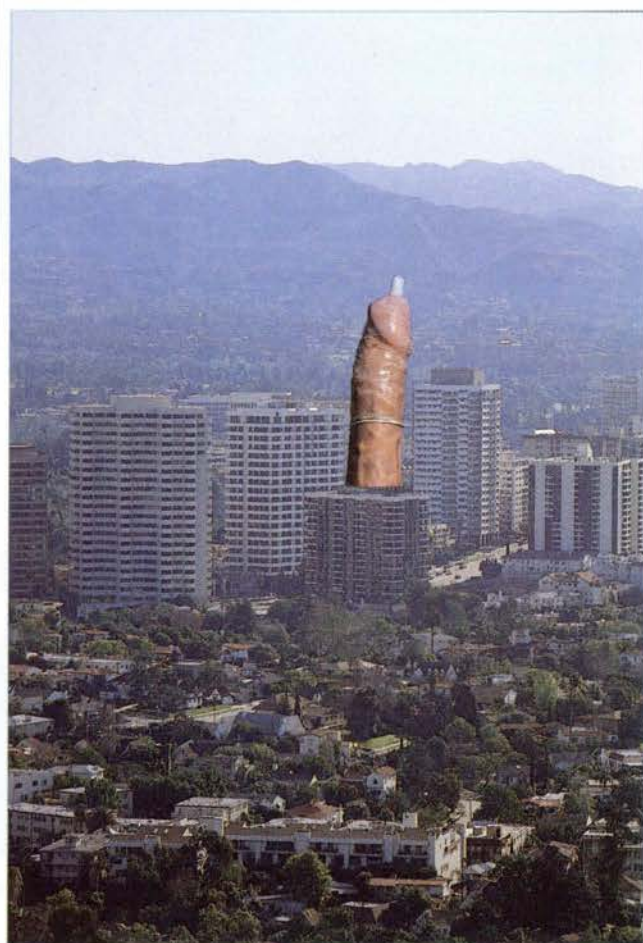
Gas Attack

As hostilities between Iran and Iraq escalate, a new weapon has been introduced—poisonous gas. Tight-sphinctered Iranian women, fed a diet of beans and sand, are being transported on suicide missions to the front lines. Unbelievably, there's nothing in the Geneva Convention to cover this.



He's Back

This mobile Messiah was photographed by an alert HUSTLER reader on the streets of Venice, California. He wasn't carrying any divinity papers, but there were some telltale marks on his body, which might have been either stigmata or skateboard burns. Still, it pays to be nice to all these guys—you never know where the next savior may surf in from.



Condominium

Welcome to Skywad Towers, the perfect location for any up-and-coming businessman. Every room is hermetically sealed for your protection and, for dining and drinking pleasure, you can always take the express elevators, which will shoot you up to the scenic Top O' the Shaft Lounge. Not only that, but the Towers are guaranteed to withstand earthquakes, windstorms and any other natural disaster except holes in the tip.

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GREAT MOMENTS WITH RON AND NANCY



She's Our Rubber-Maid

Sure, it's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it. Though she appears to be contemplating a change of pace, Fifi is quite satisfied with her position as official scumbag sweeper—it's just the tips she can't stand.



Sex News Bits

FINAL

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

August 1986

Driven to Distractions

Dallas, Texas—County officials decided to look more carefully into the backgrounds of their school-bus drivers after one of them was arrested for sexually molesting a 13-year-old handicapped female passenger. Seems he had two previous rape convictions to boot. Well, fortunately, the investigation didn't turn up any additional rapists among the drivers—just 32 convicted felons, including a couple of murderers. Officials have promised to tighten the screening procedures.

Common Scents

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—Women suffering from irregular menstrual periods apparently can have their regularity restored by intimate exposure to male underarm odor. At least this is the conclusion of chemist George Preti of the Monell Chemical Senses Center. Preti applied the wonder fragrance to the ladies' upper lips for six-hour stretches, but he

hopes to see it packaged in a convenient pill form. So now you know what to get for the woman who has everything.

Teen Beat

Baltimore, Maryland—According to Johns Hopkins University, sex education apparently isn't making the inroads hoped for. Its survey states that only about one in three sexually active girls in America between the ages of 15 and 19 use any contraceptives at all. And Pat Mosena of the National Opinion Research Center claims that most teenage mothers surveyed "didn't even know what the diaphragm was." The rest undoubtedly thought it was an erogenous zone.

Beware of Wallflowers

London, England—At last someone has come up with a way for women to identify and, presumably, avoid those men who are sexually aggressive, but have no sense of romance. British psychologist Dr.

Porn from the Past



Don't let that vintage smut just lie around gathering dust. Send those old photos to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We'll pay \$150 for any picture we use. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your pictures back.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Hey, fella. Ya wanna watch where you're jogging?"

David Lewis says such men tend to have brightly colored bold patterns on the wallpaper in their bedrooms. This conclusion isn't as strange as it seems, since Lewis did his research for a wallpaper company, but it does seem like sort of a late warning device.

Kid Stuff

Mineola, New York—*Teen to Teen*, a newspaper by and for teenagers, was being distributed at 55 Long Island high schools and junior highs until officials canceled its \$75,000 subsidy. Seems they objected to the risqué personal ads, which were made available at \$5 a pop and attracted the likes of "hothunk" and "sexy seductive lady." You've got to admit, the kids showed initiative. They may even continue publishing without the grant.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For this month \$150 goes to Joyce Combs, Adam Goldman, Terry L. Scott and Daryn Snipes. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred. Said commentary is printed for the purpose of educating our readers through social commentary, and not necessarily as a humorous feature designed to enhance our readership.

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and fucks its inhabitants, transforming them into dollhouse-size miniature fornicators. What a comedown.

The confused and confusing story opens in the Garden of Eden with Lilith (Tish Ambrose) searching for Lucifer (Paul Thomas) among the mist-shrouded brush. (There is so much "mist" that at times Eden takes on the appearance of a backyard barbecue that is threatening to become a two-alarm fire.) After giving him a playful blowjob and fucking him, the two are kicked out of the Garden by the very loud voice of its owner. Next thing we know, Ambrose is an insane-asylum patient fucking psychiatrist Robert Bullock. Then, lugging a dollhouse, she leaves the nuthouse and drops in on a resort inn, where she fucks the owners (Ron Jeremy and Tasha Voux) and everyone else in the place. This goes on until her dollhouse is nearly full, and that same loud voice orders her to cut it out, restore everyone to normal size and set them free.

Yes, the plot is ridiculous, and it's not redeemed by the sex—which ranges from dreary to routine. *Lilith* is interesting mainly because of the presence of two new girls, Siobhan Hunter and Kim Wilde. Hunter is a rather nutty wench who could develop into a truly hilarious sex-comedienne. Wilde is a young, fleshy hot-twat whose unusual sex scene with Paul Thomas—he convinces her she's a boy, then calls her a liar as he maniacally fucks her pussy—shows promise of future greatness.

Lilith Unleashed is ill-con-



Paul Thomas and Tish Ambrose fan the flames of lust in 'Lilith Unleashed.'

ceived, pretentious, gimmicky and sexually dull, and even the usually stylish direction of Henri Pachard doesn't put any zing into it. This one's for Tish Ambrose fans only.

—D. O.

Sounds of Sex

One-Quarter Erect. Produced and directed by Billy Thornberg; written by Dean Rogers; starring Tantala, Tom Byron, Pamela Jennings, Cara Lott,



Lance Lott listens for the 'Sounds of Sex' in this film's 'snore-gy.'

Karen Summer, Sasha Gabor, Lance Lott, Maria Tortuga, Gabriella, Marc Wallace, Shawn Michelle, Randy West, Scott Irish and Francois Papillon. Running time: 84 minutes.

You know a film's in trouble when Tantala is the star and all the producers could muster as a supporting cast was the B-Team. Tantala is certainly one of the nastiest ladies in porn. She's a strong, domineering, down-and-dirty bitch who is blessed—or cursed—with a mouth that could

devour a trio of cocks... but she's no star.

In the threadbare story, Tantala portrays a perverted audiophile who uses sophisticated electronic equipment to record the sounds of people fucking. She later plays back the "sounds of sex" for guests.

The first to pant and moan for the hidden microphone is a naive youth (Tom Byron) looking for some odd jobs to do around Tantala's place. What he gets is a

handjob, then the full pussy-plunge, the sounds of which are recorded for posterity.

Next, Tantala aims her mike at another house to capture the ecstatic noises made by dyke-duo Cara Lott and Pamela Jennings as they tongue each other's twat, then go all the way with a banana. After which, Karen Summer and Sasha Gabor provide visual as well as aural thrills as Tantala watches them go at it.

Unable to get enough, Tantala invites Jennings to sample the pleasures of her slave (Lance Lott). Backed by jungle decor and screeching jungle sounds, Tantala and Lance turn Pamela's pussy into tiger bait. Meanwhile, in the hot tub, Byron gets a double dose of tempting tongues on his cock from Maria Tortuga and Gabriella. Their encounter leads to the orgy/finale, which includes the film's one butt-fuck.

While there is certainly no lack of action, *Sounds of Sex* stumbles in the heat department. It also can't be accused of having great timing: Some scenes are too short, notably the hot-tub three-way and the jungle jaunt, and others—like the Summer/Gabor grind—are too long and dreary. This film does have a moment or two, but mainly the sound you hear is snoring.

—Sam Lowry

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER* and *HUSTLER's* *EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE*. The films below may be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

She's So Fine
Snake Eyes
Taboo IV
Trashy Lady

Three-Quarters Erect

Caught From Behind III the Movie
Fashion Fantasies
Girls of the Night
Looking for Mr. Goodsex
Love Bites
Missing Pieces
Night Prowlers
Passion Pit
Rated Sex
Sex Crimes 2084
Sister Dearest
Taboo American Style, Part III
The Love Scene
The Voyeur
Tickled Pink

Half Erect

A Coming of Angels—The Sequel
Bisexual Fantasies
Blonde Heat
Blue Ice
Candy Strippers II
Dear Fanny
Flesh and Ecstasy
Gettin' Ready
Naked Scents
Pleasure Maze
Sex Wars
Showgirls
Street Heat
Supergirls Do General Hospital
Taboo American Style, Part IV
The Pleasure Hunt, Part II
The Ribald Tales of Canterbury

One-Quarter Erect

Blondie
Heart Throbs
How Do You Like It
If My Mother Only Knew
The Good Time Girls

Totally Limp

For Services Rendered
Sex Drive

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT**
Superior. A top production.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
A well-made film.
- HALF ERECT**
So-so. Limited appeal.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
Poor. Don't expect much.
- TOTALLY LIMP**
A waste of time and money.

PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 15,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, *HUSTLER* provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.



White Bun Busters

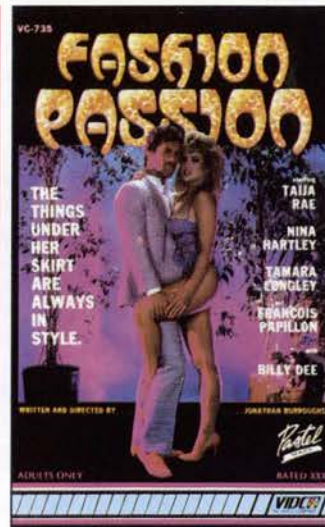
(VCA Pictures) *White Bun Busters* is the ultimate double-penetration sleazevid. This incredible Dark Brothers' production packs the humor, style and riveting sex that most other pornographers only dare to dream about. Featuring the greatest butt-girls in porn—Kelli Richards, Jennifer Noxt, Penny Morgan, Shanna McCullough and Erica "Queen of the Anals" Boyer—*Bun Busters* is about two guys (Marc Wallace and Steve Powers) who drop in on wives who refuse to satisfy their

husbands' rights to fuck them in the ass. Working in tandem, these "A-Busters" double-pork the girls into slaving submission and eternal gratitude for enlightening their bunnies. Masterful direction, camerawork, lighting, sets, dialogue and acting—Tom Byron as nerdy John Doe, the George Will of smut, is particularly excellent—combine to put this video on a par with most of today's best shot-on-film productions. And the sex... well, needless to say, *White Bun Busters* is a dual-insertionist's dream. In one amazing scene Penny Morgan feverishly stuffs her fingers in her pussy and her ass before Wallace and Powers arrive and substitute their cocks for her dirty digits. After they've come and gone, Morgan drags superschloneg Dick Rambone out from under the bed and proceeds to get boned by His Hugeness in both her snatch and her well-stretched shitter. If this doesn't make your palms sweat, nothing will.

—D. O.

Fashion Passion

(Vidco) Sexy Nina Hartley and Billy Dee play a wealthy married couple searching for some extramarital entertainment in this pre-



dictable cassette. They find it when designer Taija Rae shows up at their secluded mansion with four models (Sheri St. Clair, Tamara Longley, Purple Passion and Francois) for a private fashion show. As you might expect, the models spend more time out of their threads than in them. Warming up in the dressing room, Francois and Longley play hide-the-wienie while St. Clair and black temptress Passion are absorbed in some simultaneous muff-massaging. Later, Billy Dee takes St. Clair and Rae on a tour of the grounds before taking a tour of their tempting mounds. Hartley and muscular Francois have an extremely hot-and-sweaty fuck in front of the fireplace, but the lead-in, Francois's strip and beefcake pose-athon, is overlong and marred by goofy camera angles. In what is far and away the tape's hottest scene the ravishing Rae seduces chauffeur Buck Adams who, after a reluctant start, gets down to some energetic pussy-eating, then accelerates the action with some hot-and-hard, meat-slapping slam-fucking. This couple supplies more than their fair share of *Fashion's* passion.

—Bill Butler

Alien Lust

(Adult Video Corporation) This fuck tape about the making of a fuck tape stars Jerry Butler as a down-on-his-luck porn director and sultry Tamara Longley as his assistant. The Alien, instead of being a lusty tamale-packer from south of the border—as you might hope—is actually from outer space. Invisible to Butler and his cast and crew, the computer-animated little green critter has

taken up residence on the set to study earthling sexuality. What the Alien—and the viewer—sees is typical porn fare: just enough action, but little of it particularly hot. In one notable scene, punctuated by Butler's "direction," Leslie Winston and Tess Ferre perform an oral duet on Joey Silvera's skin flute. As the action heats up, even the Alien throws a rod watching Winston slurp Joey's balls while he's simultaneously boffing Ferre. In the obligatory lesbian scene Longley steps in for a temperamental actress and engages in some serious sapphic 69-ing and dildo-drilling with Melissa Melendez. Longley



saves Butler's ass again with a solo masturbation scene that is a miracle of self-abuse. The cassette has a couple of clever ideas, but, on the whole, *Alien Lust* never develops enough thrust to take it beyond the routine.

—B. B.

I Wanna Be a Bad Girl

(Plum Productions) This dynamic, Anthony Spinelli-directed sexvid opens with a dreamy, almost-slow-motion, sensuous love scene between two of porn's randiest ladies, Colleen Brennan and Rachel Ashley. This throbbing sequence, soundless except for the passionate drone of a solo saxophone, can be watched over and over again without losing its impact. The story that follows is sinister, humorous, emotion-charged and sexually explosive. Blustery, macho Jerry Butler is pitted against teasing cunt Brennan in a sexual power struggle that results, inevitably, in their



'Bun Busters' Steve Powers and Marc Wallace break-in Penny Morgan.

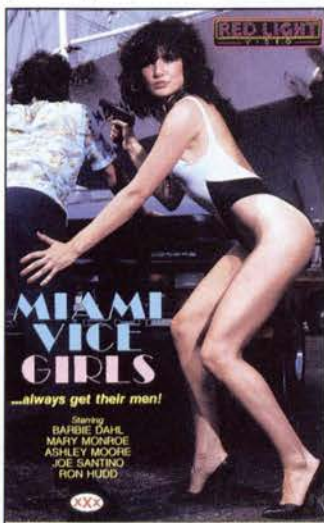


heated coupling. Along the way we're treated to a terrific orgasm by Brennan (courtesy of Tom Byron's cock), a well-lensed Melissa Melendez blowjob and an extraordinary bathroom scene involving Butler, Brennan and newcomer Porsche Lynn in which the frustrated, horny Butler intrudes on the girls' rub-a-dub in the tub. Ignoring him, Brennan continues lurching on Lynn's muff while Butler sits on the side of the tub, one leg in the water, beating off. When he nears climax, Brennan reaches behind her and spreads her cheeks as if inviting him to fuck her. Butler taunts her, however, by just coming on her ass. After he leaves, Brennan looks up from Lynn's pussy and asks, as if nothing had happened, "Did you hear something?" Even though Butler tends to overact, portions of dialogue aren't picked up by the microphone, and the ad-libbing is sometimes distracting, *Bad Girl* is a powerful sexual adventure and a hell of a good tape. —D. O.

Miami Vice Girls

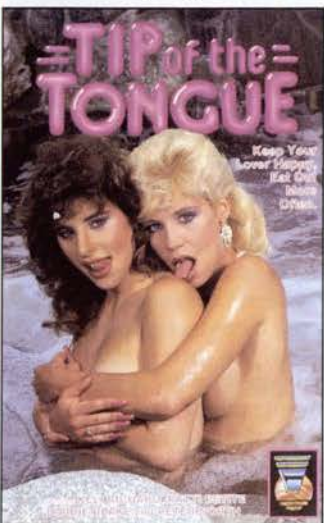
(Red Light Video) The crime has yet to be invented for which watching *Miami Vice Girls* would be a fitting punishment. This no-budget toilet-scraper plunges porn to a new low. Horribly acted, fucked and shot—*Miami's* so dull and unimaginative visually that Stevie Wonder armed with a video camera could have done better blindfolded—this tape excels only by being the absolute worst in every area. On top of that, the women in the cast, with the possible exception of Barbie

Dahl, are so ugly, they make bag ladies look like 10s. And the men are no better. If indeed there's a highlight, it would have to be Barbie being pounded in the cunt with a dildo while halfheartedly sucking on a cock. And this is noteworthy only because it's one of the few instances where everyone involved in what passes for sex actually moves. Unrelenting in its awfulness, *Miami Vice Girls* should be imbedded in a bucket of cement, tossed overboard and just forgotten. —Sam Lowry



Tip of the Tongue

(Video 2000) When suburban stud Peter North's wife (Penny Morgan) starts finding excuses for not having sex with him, he suspects her of cheating; so he seeks advice from a buddy (Greg Rome) on how to deal with the situation. The stories these two swap form the backbone of this tale of extramarital porking. There's a heavy emphasis on oral



Erica Boyer goes tit-to-tush with Kelli Richards in 'Virgin Cheeks.'

activity—cuntlapping in particular—but the hottest scenes in *Tongue* are those involving butt-banging. One terrific sequence that combines both pits Kelli Richards tongue-to-twat against Patti Petite in a spa. After Richards obligingly eats Patti's pooper, they call on Ron Jeremy to sink his shaft into Petite's bung-hole so Richards can see how it's done. The anal acrobat takes a super sphincter-skewering and loves every minute of it. She even goes so far as to suck the last drops of juice from Jeremy's butt-weary, but still hard, wang—then reinserts it in her ass. Richards, grateful for the demo, puts her newly acquired expertise to use in the very next scene, a sweat-soaked rectal romp with Marc Wallace. Horny girls lovingly lensed and some serious oral and anal action make director Michael Carpenter's *Tip of the Tongue* a hot tip. For sure. —B. B.

Angel's Revenge

(Intropics Video) A major fault in *Angel's Revenge* is that there isn't enough Angel to go around. We're treated to a mere two sex scenes with this carnal cutie, and one's a lesbo-liaison. The story follows the adventures of a group of guys who are out to prove that men are better sexual partners to women than women are. They hunt down dykes and fuck them, trying to get the slit-slurpers to admit in the heat of passion that they really prefer men. This should have been called *Lezbusters*. Harry Reems is the president

of the club, and his seduction of Rayann Drew, Angel's lover, is what sets Angel into action. Her revenge is to seduce Reems, inform him that she prefers women, steal his clothes and force him to walk back to town naked. Great stuff, huh? Because of the theme, there's a preponderance of girl/girl scenes—which gets old fast—but the hetero-sex is all pret-



ty steamy: Patti Petite throating Rick Savage and a gang-bang/double penetration of Penny Morgan by the club stand out. The exception is the Chanel Price/Herschel Savage flab-fest, but ignore that segment, and you're left with a pretty nasty 70 or so minutes. —Jay Amarillo

Virgin Cheeks

(Vidco) "There's nothing so pretty as a fat, hard cock disappearing in your ass," says Rick Savage, long-stroking his fat, hard cock into Demi Eras's ass after forcefully fucking her face. It's easy to

HUSTLER®

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| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 TEN LITTLE MAIDENS | <input type="checkbox"/> 22 PINK LAGOON |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 SEX WAVES | <input type="checkbox"/> 23 ALICE IN WONDERLAND |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4 SNAKE EYES | <input type="checkbox"/> 24 DIXIE RAY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5 GRAFENBERG SPOT | <input type="checkbox"/> 25 SCOUNDRELS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6 DEADLY LOVE | <input type="checkbox"/> 26 GIRLS ON FIRE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 7 RAW TALENT | <input type="checkbox"/> 27 IRRESISTIBLE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8 CAUGHT FROM BEHIND | <input type="checkbox"/> 28 SUZIE SUPERSTAR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 9 SPITFIRE | <input type="checkbox"/> 29 GREAT SEXPECTIONS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 10 BLACK THROAT | <input type="checkbox"/> 30 TRINITY BROWN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 11 FIRESTORM | <input type="checkbox"/> 31 PROFESSIONAL JANINE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 EVERY WOMAN HAS FANTASY | <input type="checkbox"/> 32 SURRENDER IN PARADISE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 13 INSATIABLE II | <input type="checkbox"/> 33 DEVIL IN MISS JONES II |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 14 NEW WAVE HOOKERS | <input type="checkbox"/> 34 TALK DIRTY TO ME III |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 15 DEEP THROAT | <input type="checkbox"/> 35 TRASHY LADY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 16 STIFF COMPETITION | <input type="checkbox"/> 36 THROAT 12 YEARS AFTER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 17 RX FOR SEX | <input type="checkbox"/> 37 FLESHDANCE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 18 DANGEROUS STUFF | <input type="checkbox"/> 38 DEBBIE DOES 'EM ALL |
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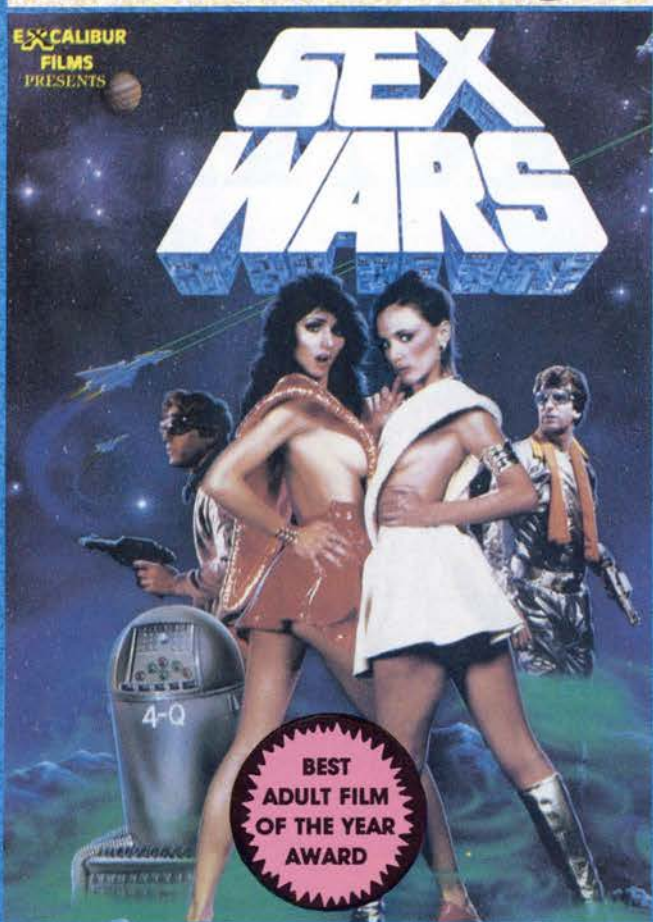
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TAIJA RAE

DOWN-TO-EARTH SEX GODDESS

INTERVIEW BY DOUG OLIVER

Her name is pronounced *Tayzh-a*. She lifted it from an Oriental cocktail waitress she worked with in the days before becoming lodged in the pink firmament of porn stardom. *Rae* she swiped from King Kong's original love interest, Fay Wray, changing the spelling because she doesn't like names that end in *y*. The exotic-sounding name is the only thing that's phony about this remarkably down-to-earth sex goddess who, with Traci Lords, Ginger Lynn and Amber Lynn, completes porn's Big Four.

Though she's worked fairly consistently over the past two years, stardom did not come quite so quickly for Taija as it did for Traci, Ginger and Amber. For one thing, those three were products of the West Coast video explosion. *Rae*'s early work was primarily in films, which take longer to shoot and even longer to release. Not only that, until recently *Rae*'s figure was decidedly doughy, and living in Philadelphia pretty much restricted her to East Coast productions, which had slowed down considerably. Primarily, though, she just didn't give a fuck about becoming a porn superstar.

Thanks to a trimmer figure, a West Coast agent and an utter absorption with sex that you can read in her face, Taija *Rae* has assumed her rightful place in the carnal fantasies of trouser-snake strokers everywhere. *Rae*'s meaty roles in *She's So Fine*, *Looking for Mr. Goodsex*, *Taboo American Style*, *Desperate Women* and *Sex Crimes 2084* reveal her as an unusually intelligent actress with a flair for comedy. What you really notice is that extra note of depravity she injects into her encounters: the urgency, intensity,

wantonness and irrepressible craving for sex that only a handful of porn queens can project.

Intrigued by the star's "Are you man enough for Taija *Rae*" mystique—and determined to let *HUSTLER* readers know what makes their favorite performers tick—Entertainment Editor Doug Oliver sat down with *Rae* during a rare break in her shooting schedule and pummeled her with questions.

* * *

HUSTLER: Most of the girls making sex films today started off as models. Any chance your career began differently?

RAE: A little bit. I had an interview with a guy who was starting up an agency for girls who wanted to get into the X-industry, and he just said, "Look, you're not going to make it as a straight model. You can make a *lot* more money doing adult films." And I said, "Okay."

HUSTLER: But you wanted to be a model?

RAE: Well, sort of. I didn't think I was pretty enough. I always had more of a chest and hips than most fashion models, but I figured I'd give it a shot anyway.

HUSTLER: So were you ushered into an adjacent room to start filming?

RAE: No, no. They told me in November that I'd be shooting in February. It wasn't an overnight decision. And I decided, *Shit, I want to do it. I'm not doing anything else, and I'm tired of not making any money.* I was ready for something new. I made three videos the first weekend I worked, *Dangerous Stuff*, *Scenes They Wouldn't Let Me Shoot* and one other I don't remember.

HUSTLER: You started out work-
(continued on page 34)

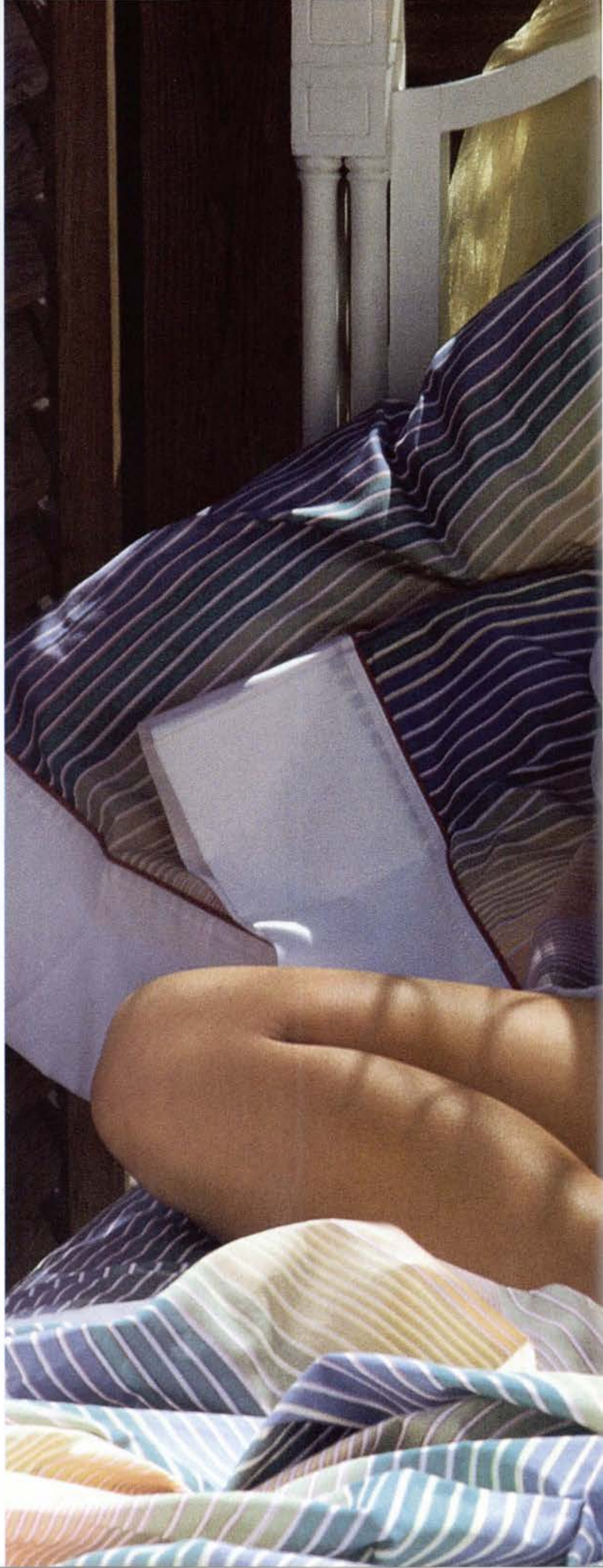


Photography by James Baes















"I'm perfectly happy to lie on my back in the missionary position and get my brains fucked out."

ing for some pretty heavy-duty directors, Cecil Howard and Henri Pachard. From your two years' experience can you single out some favorites?

RAE: Yeah. Henri Pachard, of course, because he's a lot of fun on the set. Ned Morehead. He's great. He knows exactly what he wants in a sex scene and only shoots what he needs. You do it, and you're done. Thomas Paine is good because he knows how to get real acting out of you.

HUSTLER: Have you ever worked for Gregory Dark?

RAE: No, and I don't think I ever will.

HUSTLER: Why not?

RAE: He just does down-and-out, nasty, dirty stuff. I like pretty sex because that's the way I think it should be in reality. He films stuff that's real messy, the sleazier sex that I'd like to stay away from: hooker sex. I'm just not into that.

HUSTLER: How long do you think you'll stay in this industry?

RAE: This is a means to an end. Porn isn't an end. I want to stay in it for another year after I move to California and just make as much money as I can. Maybe a

year-and-a-half or two years if I have to, but no more than that.

HUSTLER: You don't see yourself consolidating your star status like Traci or Ginger?

RAE: No, no. I'm only in this for the money.

HUSTLER: Well, up there on the screen it looks like you've got more than dollars and cents on your mind. There was a scene in *Looking for Mr. Goodsex* involving you, Billy Dee and Francois that had you in orbit.

RAE: That was a great scene. Billy Dee is incredible. He's the hottest thing to work with.

HUSTLER: A lot of the girls say that—what is it about him that's so special?

RAE: He knows how to fuck. So many guys are afraid of hurting the girl, of looking bad on camera or just afraid to let loose. Billy has a pure animal instinct. He's a power-fucker. He's out to please himself, and I think that's very sexual. And he's also out to please the girl. He gets off watching how much you get off.

HUSTLER: Who are some of the other good fucks?

RAE: Buck Adams. He just drills away. Name some more names.

HUSTLER: Francois?

RAE: Francois is really good-looking and has a great body, but he's not a power-fucker. I like power-fuckers. I like guys with balls who will just take what they want—as long as they're not hurting me, of course. I like to get fucked. I'm perfectly happy to lie on my back in the missionary position and get my brains fucked out.

HUSTLER: Harry Reems has a sort of jackhammer style.

RAE: I've never worked with him.

HUSTLER: Joey Silvera?

RAE: Joey's good. Joey's not a power-fucker; he's more into sensuality—slow, long strokes.

HUSTLER: Who's got the best cock?

RAE: I guess Tom Byron does, because it's not real fat. You can have sex with him for a long time because his cock is slender. Now, Kevin James's cock is really fat. It's one that you can slam-fuck for a short period of time, but you really couldn't go at it for very long. I couldn't anyway. I'd be so sore, I wouldn't be able to walk.

HUSTLER: Do you enjoy girl/girl scenes?

RAE: Usually. They're harder to fake though. I like to have a cock in me; so when all I'm getting is external stimulation, it's harder for me to get off. If I'm turned on to a girl, it helps. Nina Hartley is really good to work with. She's really good at what she does. And Sharon Mitchell is really good because she's into girls. If she likes you, it will be a good scene.

HUSTLER: Do you consider yourself to be bisexual? Have you made it with a girl in your private life?

RAE: No. I have yet to do that. I like women; I like to watch women; I like to feel them because it gives a perspective of what a guy feels when he's next to a woman. But if I went to a bar looking to get laid, I wouldn't pick up a woman. A girl can't fuck you the way a guy can. I like the hardness of a guy, and I like the way a guy's body feels more than I like the way a girl's body feels next to me.

HUSTLER: Are you into anal sex at all?

RAE: No. It never appealed to me. I've done it in my personal life, but I would definitely never do it on film. I don't think it's sexy. Anal sex is a nastier version of sex that I don't care to promote. I'm not into it. I don't like to watch it, and I don't like to hear it when girls are having anal sex on the set—especially if it's double penetration. I just don't understand how they can get off on that.

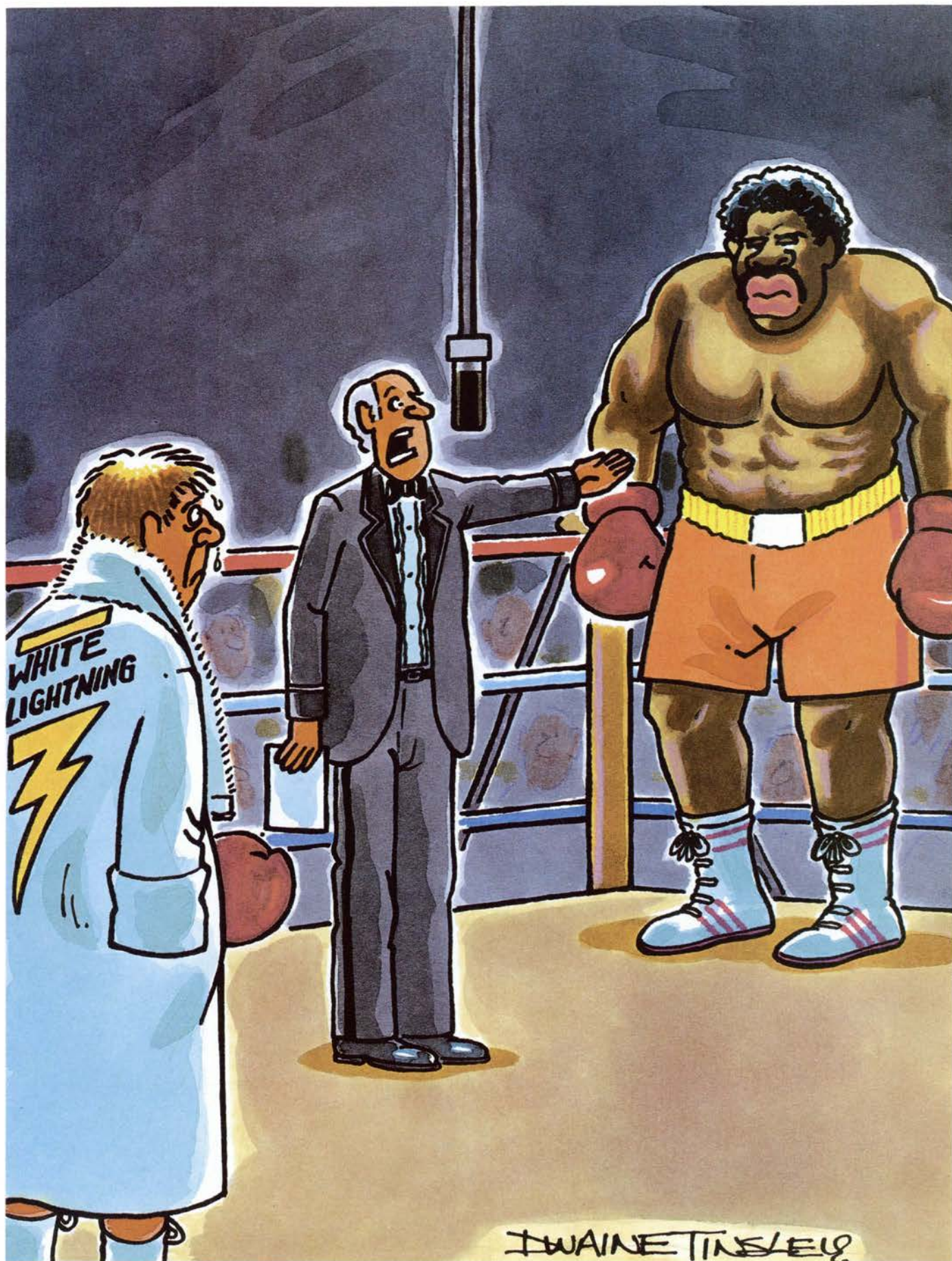
HUSTLER: Who does get off on that?

RAE: I have no idea. I don't know whether the viewers really like double penetrations, whether the girls really need the

(continued on page 82)



"Be careful, dear. I hear there's a pervert in the building!"



WAINETINSLE

"... And in this corner, weighing 602 pounds, is Jamaal 'I Hates Honkies' Muhammad!"

The Unreported

RAPE

of Irving Katz,
as Told to Dr. Timothy Leary

This is the true story of the one and only rape I, Irving Katz, have been involved with. Believe me. Ever. I can't forget it. Let me try to get the story straight.

Well, for starters, there were three victims.

Victim No. 1: Melody, my former girlfriend, an intelligent smartass, moderately successful artist. Melody was blond, tall, graceful, reeking with erotic confidence. A work of modern art.

Victim No. 2: Me. Yours Truly. My name is Irving Katz. I'm a film-industry

Cressy



TIMOTHY LEARY ON RAPE *(continued from page 37)*

Please meet Victim No. 3. He's a small black youth wearing a gray ski mask. He's got himself one big .38.

lawyer, moderately successful, appropriately smartass, age 40. I dwell in a small house with a small lawn and small pool in the Hollywood Hills.

Melody inhabited one of those amazing storefront artist studios in Venice, California. This place had a high ceiling and no furniture. Just artist clutter. Very aesthetic. We're talking mega-trendy-conceptual-minimalist. White/on/white, splattered with fragments, shards, swatches, littered remnants of her impudent, scandalous, shocking mind. Not to forget the high-bed cunningly supported by wooden womb-beams painted hormone PINK!

I paid the rent. This made me feel like a patron of the arts, if you excuse the expression. Is this wrong?

Ah, the wild times we had on that soft-sheeted, high-ceiling funky-bunk.

Melody was a California Beach Girl with total acrobatic control over her silk-golden body and her psychosexual musculature. She was skilled in yoga, martial arts, erotic acrobatics. Post-guilt, if you know what I mean. Think of Melody, and you think rational, planful pagan,

unflappable, hedonistic, teenage impudence. She had these golden-blue UCLA orgasms with her eyes open, pink cheeks gleaming with amused pleasure and pride. Her zany, funny brain would strobe erotic pictures across her mind while we were fucking. Afterward she would make little drawings and mosaics of what she'd experienced while she was coming. As an M.F.A. (Master of Fine Arts), she wanted me to share everything that she felt in her warm, sleek, Malibu body. She was a full-time neuro-erotic architect, if you know what I mean.

She was also teaching me to tone down my East Coast Jewish-verbal. Her mind was a Supreme Court camera, filing, arranging, editing, litigating every frame that flashed across on her judicial retina. She lived in a world of cunt colors and membrane forms. Myself, I'm linear New York University, black on white.

At first she said that I made love like a Brooklyn subway train. Rumble-tumble! Rattle-bang! That was before she taught me to slow down . . . tune in . . . and . . . shape up.

Oh, she had me by the eyeballs, this

saucy, domineering trollop. She put up with my color-blind myopia because I could make her laugh. And she trained me to love her like a sculptor loves marble. Rub, rub, rubbing Oil of Olay over her polished, serpentine limbs. With her the medium was the massage.

Leaving the bod aside, she was a formidable headfucker, this Melody. Much women's-lib mind-wrestling. Always fingerprinting me for residual male chauvinism. For example, the continual where-shall-we-spend-the-night argument. If my carefully prepared legal arguments persuaded her to accept my motion, then she came to my place, where we sat naked around the pool and hurled dilated eyeballs at the elusive stars above.

That season, as I recall, Venus, Jupiter and Mars were like cocaine crystals in the southern sky—three sparkling chorus dancers lined up along the line of the zodiac like some Harry Winston Rockette diamond necklace. From my bed we could look up through the leafy pynchon trees and hear birds cooing all night.

This is not art?

Apparently not. For the Golden Goddess, Art began west of Westwood, along the beach in raunchy Venice.

"Listen," I tell myself, "you're in a middle-aged, macho rut, expecting her to hang out in your scene. You're afraid to change, too square for this adventurous, all-out bohemian." Max Weber was right: The laws of form have replaced the laws of the land; aesthetics is replacing ethics as the standard for intelligent life. I guess you could call this yuppie highbrow.

To tell the truth, I was looking forward to meeting the artists who hang around Venice. I have always admired these arrogant individualists! They seem smarter than lawyers because they know that beauty is the ultimate judgment of history.

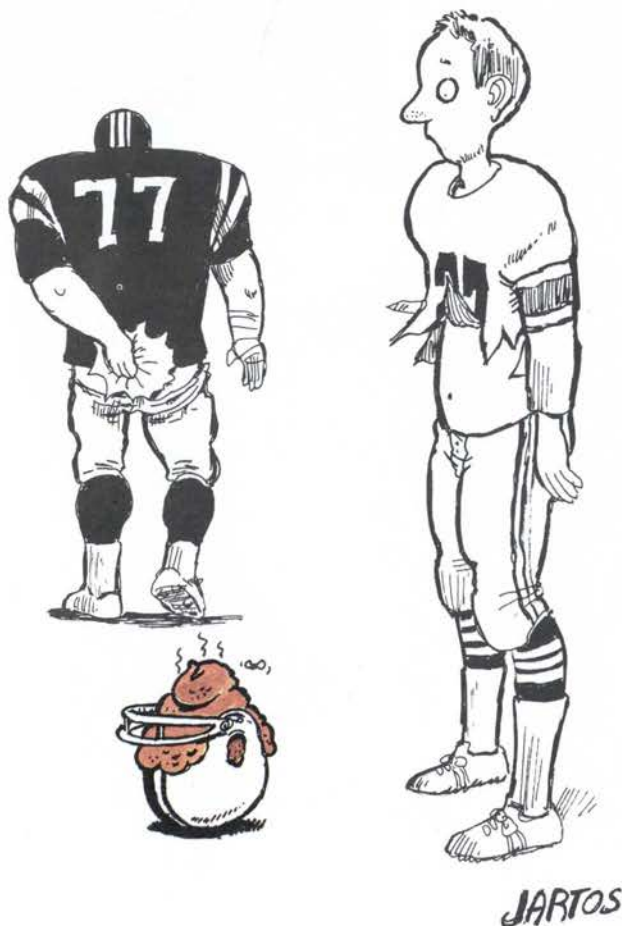
I was a bit scared of Venice. It was certainly not as safe and sane as my hilltop pad. Here is what I learned in Venice.

Lesson No. 1: What do artists talk about? Real estate. Lofts. Studios. Storefronts. Gallery locations. Converted warehouses. They were worse than barristers babbling about options to buy. Dollars per square foot. Landlords and tenants and zoning laws.

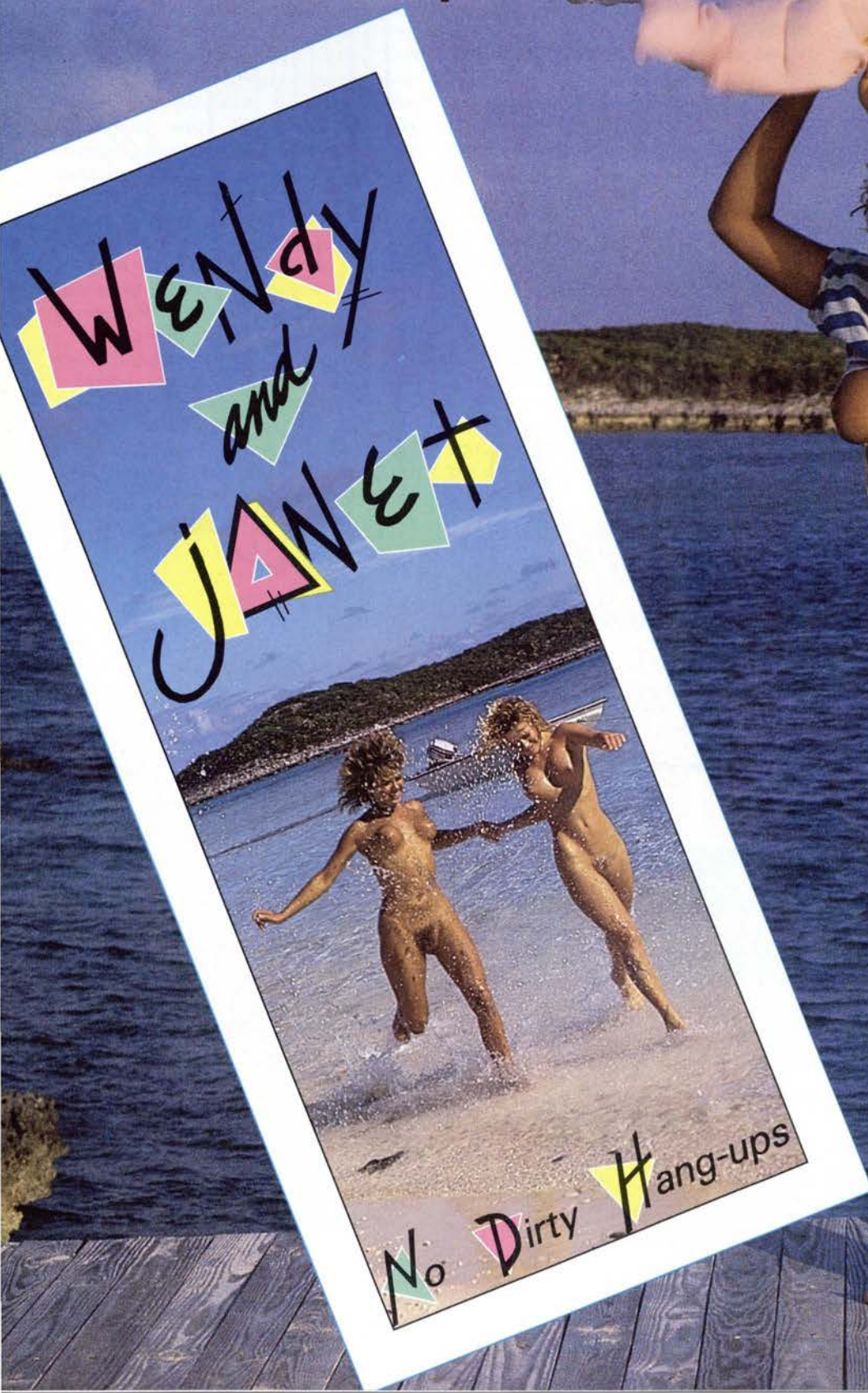
Lesson No. 2: Venice, California, is not one of the beautiful places. Excuse me, but let's face it. Venice, California, in essence is sleazo punk.

Yours Truly is used to Hollywood and Beverly Hills, where little office buildings have lawns, and every house is framed by flowers and bushes, pretty and tidy like Amsterdam whorehouses. Venice, California, is a seaside archaeological site. Yards littered with Paleolithic garbage, sidewalks mined with Cenozoic

(continued on page 48)







Wendy
and
Janet

No Dirty Hang-ups



Photography by Clive McLean



Doing the laundry leaves Wendy and Janet hot and tired—and naked until their vacation duds get dry. A dip in the lake only makes the girls wetter and leads to some serious muff-diving.





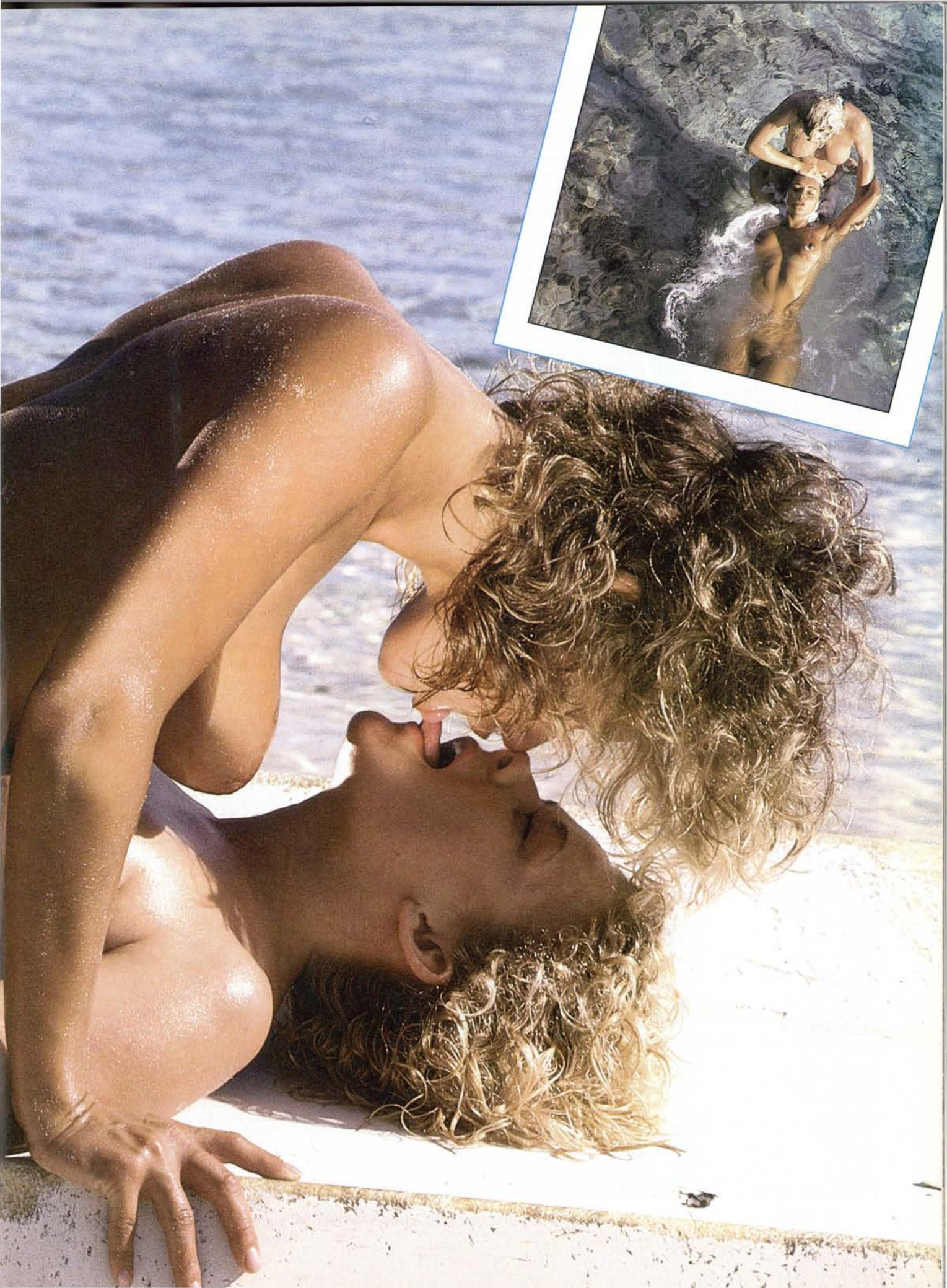




Wendy feels adrift a thousand miles at sea as her man-in-the-boath rides the waves of her partner's caresses. Janet doesn't exactly feel left out to dry either, getting a tongue bath of her own. Finally, the girls take the plunge once more, secretly hoping they'll never really cool off.







TIMOTHY LEARY ON RAPE (continued from page 38)

The guy can't get an erection. He's sitting there, cock in one hand, gun in the other, whacking himself.

dogshit and Venetian blown broken glass. Try to ignore the parking problems, the 24-hour bedlam of hot rods and cold-turkeys, tourists, hoodlums, filth-encrusted beggars, PCP screams in the dark alleys of sleepless nights.

The daily rituals of life are primitive in Venice, California.

My morning word-fix, the *Los Angeles Times*, was stolen daily from the door by illiterate dawn patrols. Before my sunrise coffee I'd waste precious bodily fluids sleepwalking to the corner newsstand through an asteroid belt of bag ladies, rotating drunks, crazed Buddhas, homeless space drifters and wild-eyed UFO beach-combers. Just to buy the paper.

Well, you get the picture. So much for the background shots while the credits run. Roll the film.

AN UNREPORTED RAPE

Melody and I have finished dinner with some movie clients at Mortons, the most chic restaurant in California. The owner, Peter Morton, is a sports nut like me, and I dig the way he assembles the staff who run his restaurants. It's how Al Davis se-

lects his Raider football teams. Poise, excellence, kickass pride. It's an inside joke, you know. The waiters, the busboys, the maitre d's, the bartenders at Mortons are, on the average, better educated, hipper, smarter than the producers/agents/stars who maneuver like sharks for the power tables along the southeastern wall.

I've given a lot of free career advice to the staff of Mortons and, if we had time, I could take you to the bar, where the manager would buy us drinks, and I could tell you some inspiring stories about the sex/drugs/callgirl/callboy orgies in Beverly Hills run by friends of Nancy Reagan—for example, the real story of this gorgeous model Vicki Morgan lining up black-silk/leather bondage on soft, white skin submission scenes for Alfred Bloomingdale and how Vicki Morgan was assassinated and what happened to her steamy videotapes. . . .

But those white-collar rape stories would take too long because it's after midnight, and Melody has to meet a gallery person in the morning.

So we walk to the parking lot. Pancho, the wise Aztec valet parker, hands me the

keys to my Porsche, which he always parks in the front stall, and we start the nightly debate. Shall we zoom up the Hollywood Hills and lie naked under the stars, *chez moi*?

Nope. Melody files a motion for change of venue. An L.A. museum curator is coming to her studio tomorrow morning. So we pass on the midnight pool scene and take Robertson, hang a right on the Santa Monica Freeway and head west on Interstate 10, the Christopher Columbus genetic runway. Exit on Lincoln Boulevard and then south to Main Street in Venice. Hello, parking lot.

Security Step No. 1: I flip on the car's burglar alarm.

Security Step No. 2: I lock the car.

Security Step No. 3: We walk down the street to Melody's studio, high and happy, but alert with jungle caution.

When . . .

Suddenly, as I'm fishing for the key, here comes this guy running across the street. Please meet Victim No. 3. He's a small black youth wearing a gray ski mask. He's got himself one big .38 revolver in his hand.

"Gimme the money, you mother-bitch," he says in camouflage falsetto.

"Sure thing, man," says Yours Truly. "I'm going to get it out of my pocket. Okay?" The kid is so nervous, he's making me nervous.

He nods. I pull out my wallet with a slow motion and a sinking feeling. I realize that I have only three dumb, wrinkled, insulting, racist dollars in cash.

"Here," I say, handing him the wallet. "Grab it and run, bro'."

If I had been him, that's what I would have done. Take the wallet and run. Oh, shit! It's not going to work out that way.

"The money, Mama! I doan want yo' wallet. The money, Mama. The money."

"Three dollars is all I have. But there are credit cards in the wallet."

"I doan want no fuckin' credit cards. I want the money, pussy-mother."

He motions to Melody. She holds up her pitiful white hands. Empty. "I'm not carrying my purse tonight," she says in a little-girl voice.

I wad the three miserable bills and hand them over. "Here, take it and split, man. We won't call the police."

Victim No. 3 examines the bills like a disapproving banker. He shakes his head and motions to the door.

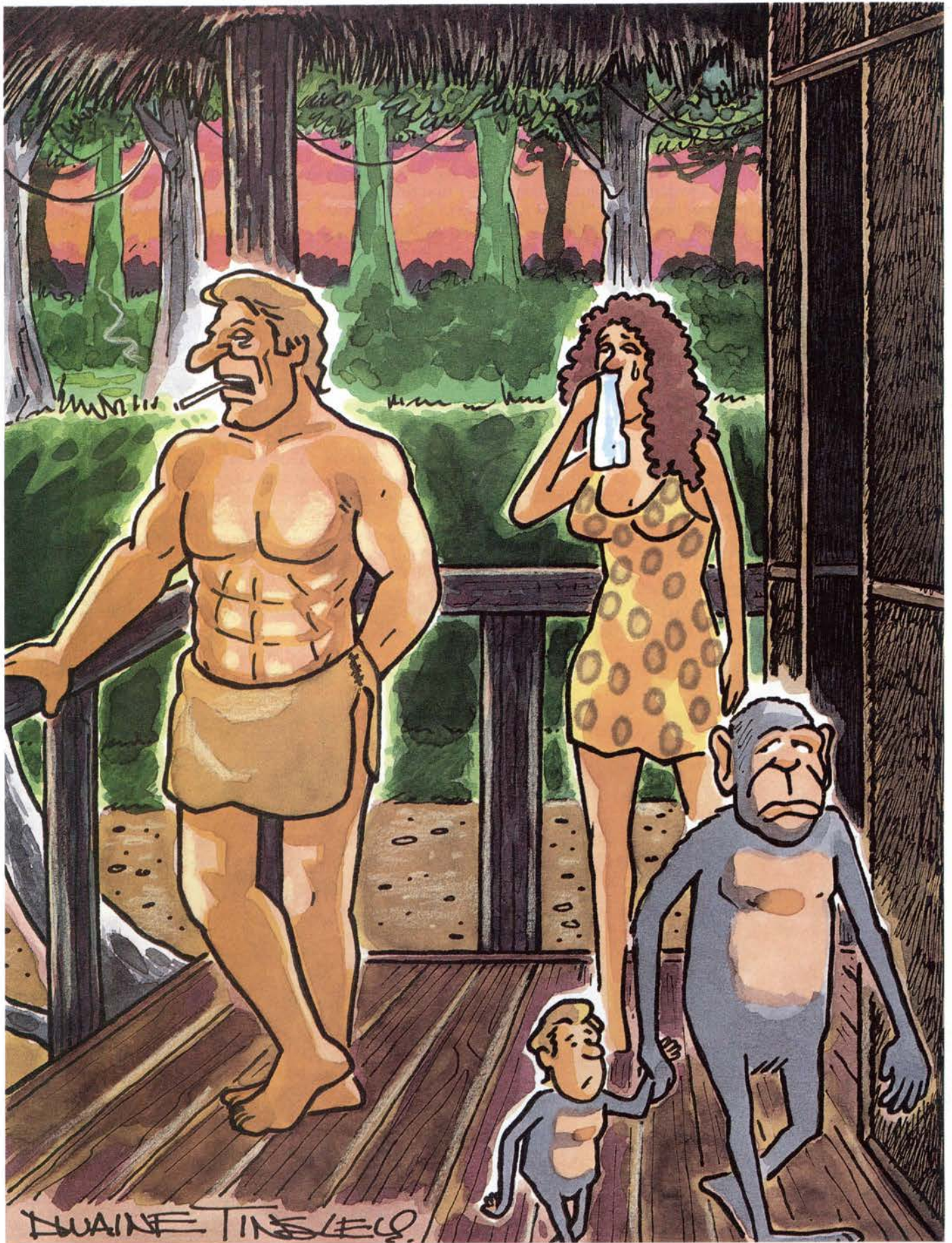
"The dough, mother-bitch."

"I gave you all the dough I got, man."

He shakes his head again with banker irritation. "You jiving me, mother-cunt. Open that do' or I blow yo' fuckin' brains out."

I'm trying to put myself in this guy's place. I've practiced some criminal law myself, wearing a white ski mask; so I





"What make you think I see someone else?"

TIMOTHY LEARY ON RAPE (continued from page 48)

"Next time yo' do that, yo' one daid cunt, Mama," the robber hisses. To me!

figure he's gotta be thinking about the carry-a-gun-go-to-prison law. And his getaway. Why is this dude hanging around? I figure that he'll shove us in the door and then split. That's what I would have done. Yeah, I know. This shows how streetwise I am.

Victim No. 3 places the gun against my ear and sighs quietly. "Open the fuckin' do', soft-pussy."

I reach for the keys and move forward to open the door. Melody later said that this was the moment she should have jumped for the gun. She was bigger than the guy, you understand. And knew a little karate. In theory, anyway. Okay. The door swings open. The guy motions us in.

"There are other people in there," I lie. "Don't bullshit me, mother," he replies. We walk upstairs into the living room. "Hey, look," I say cheerfully. "There's a color TV. And a stereo. Go for it."

Melody wonders if she should have mentioned jewelry.

"Both of you, on yo' bellies on the floor." He motions me forward so that both he and Melody are behind me. I

hear him run into the bathroom. He returns and shoves a towel into my mouth. He orders Melody to tie something, I forget what, around the gag. He's holding the gun to her head. I find this unnerving. "Tighter, soft-bitch," he commands.

He orders Melody to lie down again. He comes over to me. "Put your hands behind your back." He starts tying my hands together with the long telephone extension cord. He knows the bandit biz. The bonds hold firm.

"Lift yo' laigs." He has the gun against my ear and pulls at my ankles with the other hand. Then he trusses my feet to my hands. I'm hog-tied. The bonds are tight enough to keep me from making a sudden move.

"Lie on yo' belly, sweet Mama," he says to Melody. At this I struggle with my bonds. "Make one mo' move, yo' daid," he hisses.

"Do what he says," Melody whispers.

She makes a mumbling sound; so I know he's gagging her. I still figure that he's concerned with escape, getting us bound so we can't get loose. The last thing in my naive, middle-class mind is

that he would say to Melody, "Okay, roll over."

Melody's muffled sob of protest announces his dastardly intentions. He's gonna rape her! I hear her thrash under his pawing. I make muffled sounds of rage, banging my knees against the floor to scare him.

He shoves the gun painfully against my ear, drawing blood. The gun makes a loud, metallic clicking sound.

"Beem quiet, heem gomma kilm youm," says Melody in a muffled voice.

I can hear Victim No. 3 rustling around, unzipping, buttons unholing, fabric against skin. Melody sobbing in angry grunts, the assailant babbling away. "Ah'm gonna be yo' hot papa, Mama," he mumbles. He's breathing heavy through his mask. "Oh, Mama, I be yo' soft, sweet baby, suck yo' soft, sweet tits, Mama." I knew Melody's blouse was gone—braless arrogance now a nondeterrent.

I'm suddenly very uncomfortable. The muscles in my legs are cramping painfully. All my weight is pressed, sideways, against the floor. Meanwhile, the guy is moaning about soft, milk Mama and his big, hard cock. I bang my legs against the floor.

"Next time yo' do that, yo' one daid cunt, Mama," the robber hisses. To me!

A ripping sound, and I grit my teeth against the inevitable, but the guy keeps on chanting this weird litany of dirty talk. Moaning about "Mama's juicy cunt" and about his "big, hard cock" and "gonna fuck my Mama, Mama, Mama."

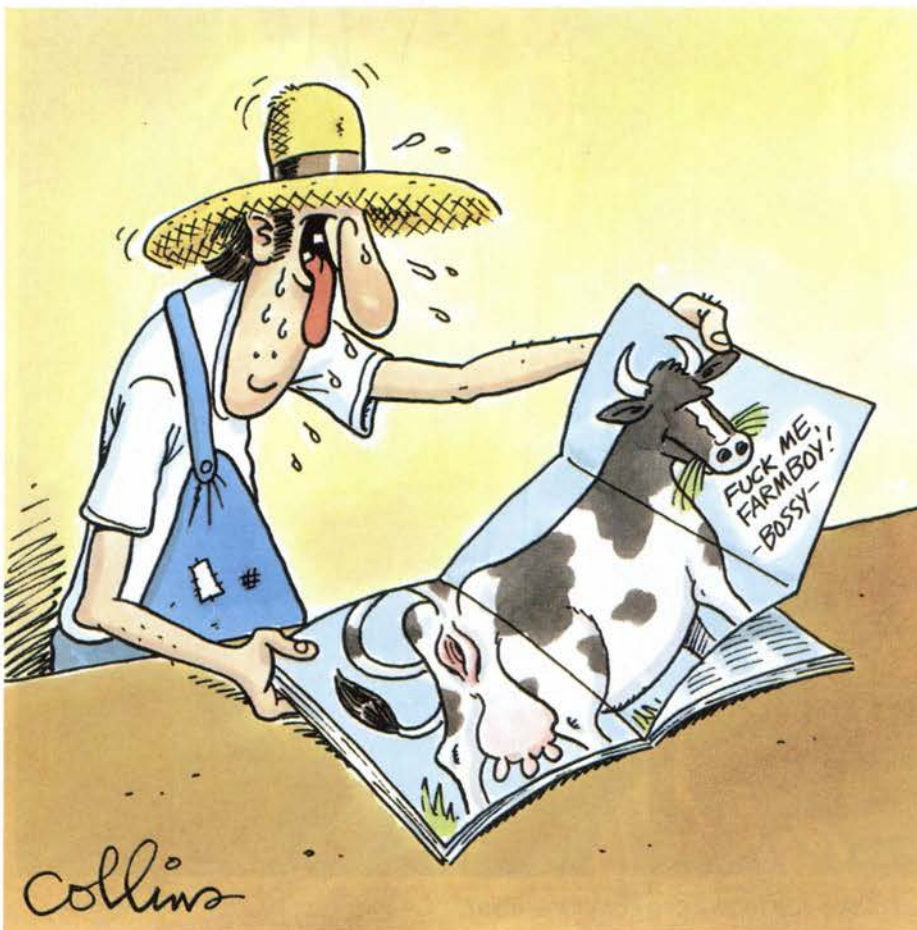
Increasing pain and cramps in my legs. Then I realize that the guy can't get an erection. He's sitting there on the floor, cock in one hand, gun in the other, whacking himself and crooning in baby talk. Melody, facing the ritual, waiting. Black weapons, gleaming. "Doan beat me, Mama, pussy. I wanna be yo' big, hard papa, Mama."

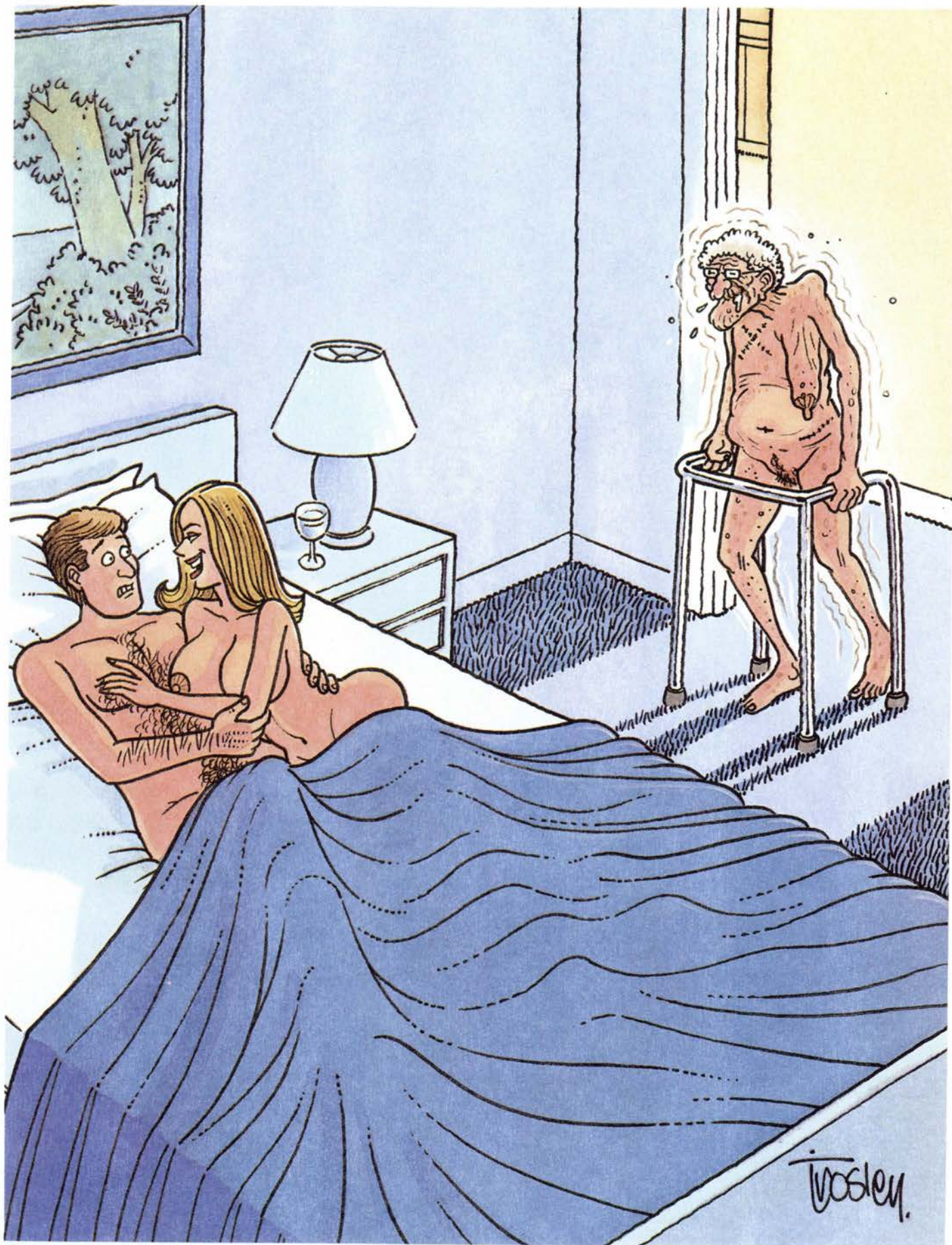
Then Melody gasps in soft dismay. I can hear Victim No. 3 making humping movements, breathing heavily, a familiar slick sound. Melody's stillness surprises me. This guy is still moaning away in baby talk. "Oooh, Mama, doan hurt me, soft Mama." His babble gains a rhythm that makes me grimace.

I start rocking back and forth, bumping my knees in angry protest. It so happens that the center-of-gravity spot where my trussed body meets the floor is my pelvis. Suddenly, to my horror, I realize that treason and mutiny are breaking out down below decks. I'm getting a horrible hard-on!

I feel great anger and shame. I'm actually blushing. I can't believe what my rebellious, insolent and undependable unit is doing down there. The more I kick and buck, the harder it becomes. This brain-

(continued on page 88)





"I was telling Mother about your wanting to try a threesome!"



STORMY

fire and ice

Photography by Matti Klatt

I first began using the name Stormy because my boyfriend told me I was like a force of nature. Of course, I think of myself as more of a tropical rainfall than a hurricane—but that doesn't mean I can't blow you away!"













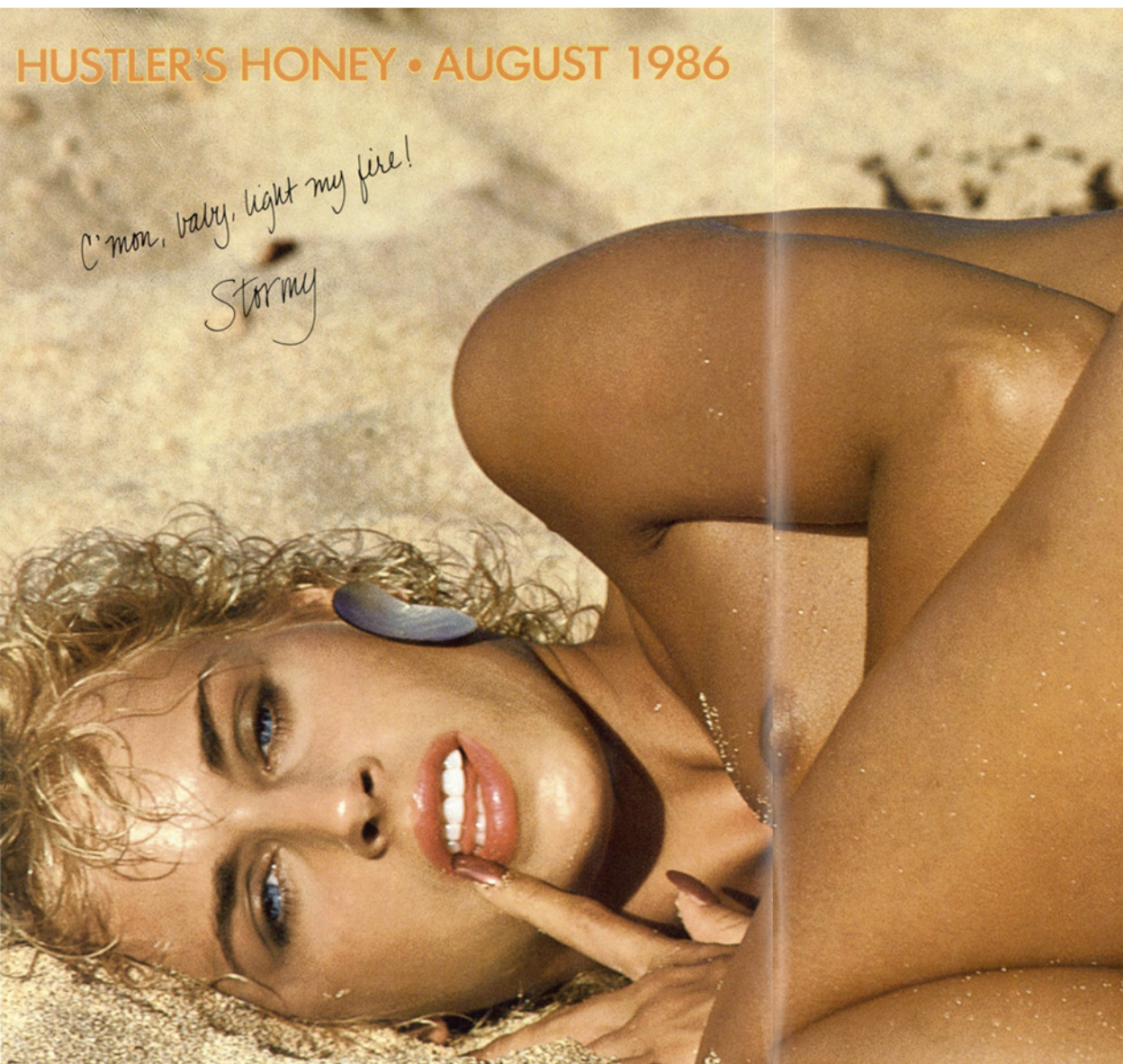
S

Stormy is a girl of turbulent moods. "I can be awfully chilly to people who don't do right by me," she says. "I never let anyone take advantage of me. On the other hand, when I like somebody, I warm up *real* fast." A native of Hawaii, Stormy is no stranger to the heat. She puts on a pretty hot act at the Club Mignon in Honolulu, where she works as a fire dancer. "I taught myself how to fire-dance by reading



books about the mystics and Indian fakirs who first did it," she explains. The dance is as dangerous as it sounds and involves putting flames all over her luscious body and in her mouth. So far, however, Stormy has managed to pull off her sizzling act without injury.

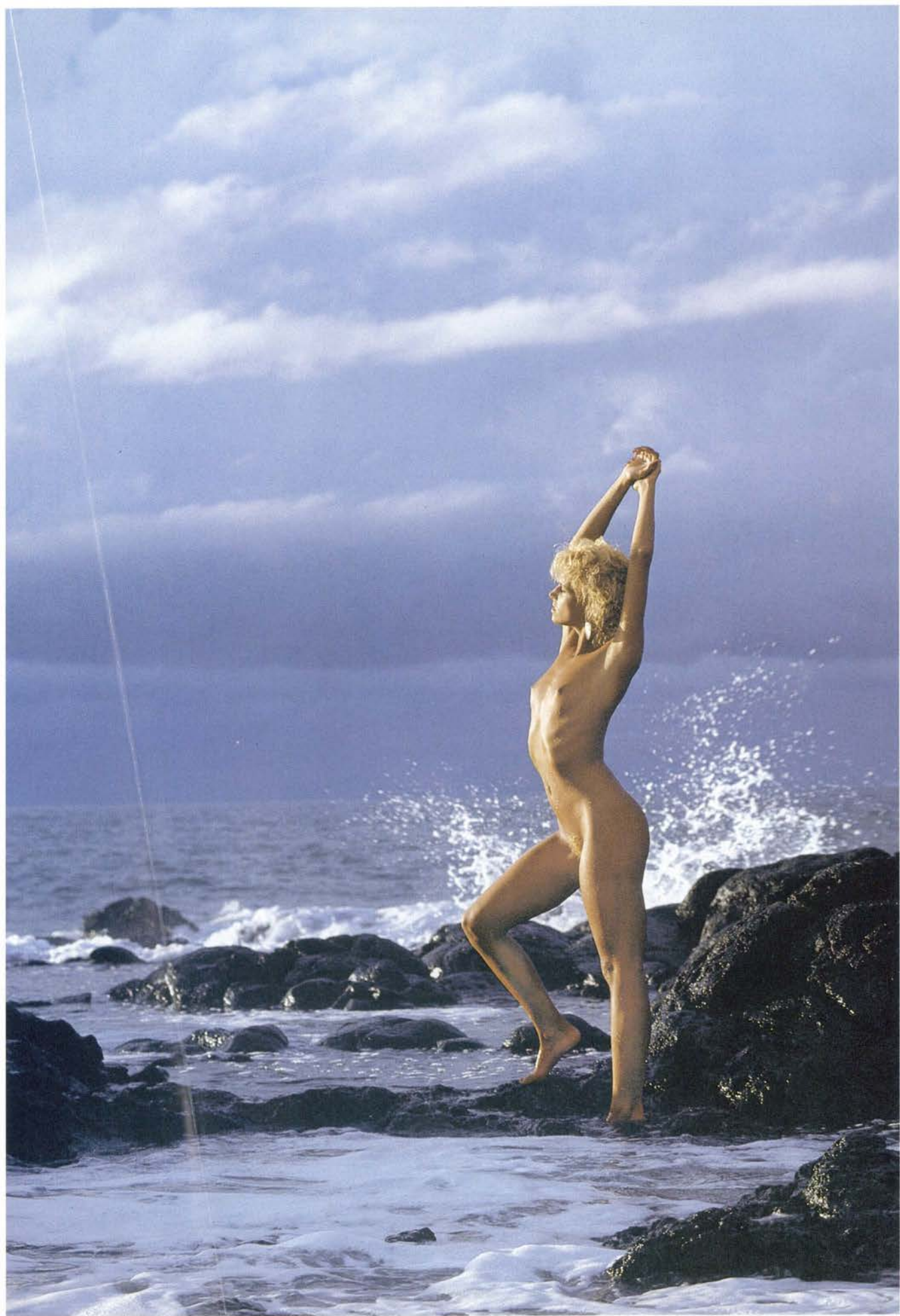
"I simply never make mistakes," she claims. Certainly none that we can see.



HUSTLER'S HONEY • AUGUST 1986

C'mon, baby, light my fire!
Stormy





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HUSTLER HUMOR

Two Polacks couldn't figure out how to measure a flagpole they'd been hired to paint by the foot; so they asked a black dude who was passing by if he would help. The black guy pulled a pin from the bottom of the pole, laid the pole on the ground and stretched out his tape measure. When he was finished, he put the tape away, placed the flagpole in its stand and left.

Once out of earshot, the one Polack turned to the other and said, "Isn't it just like a nigger? You ask for the height, and he gives you the width!"

Question: What do you call foreplay in Spanish Harlem?

Answer: "Quiet, bitch, I got a knife!"

An undertaker called the next of kin to confirm the funeral arrangements desired for the dear departed old woman. As luck would have it, the lady's son-in-law—who was actually delighted to be rid of the old battle-ax—answered the phone.

"I'm sorry to disturb you in your time of personal grief," the undertaker intoned solemnly, "but there appears to be some confusion as to whether the body of the loved one is to be buried or cremated."

"Let's not take any chances," came the prompt reply. "Do both!"

A well-stacked redhead stormed into police headquarters and shouted to the desk sergeant that a man had grabbed and raped her while she was walking through the park.

"What did he look like?" the desk sergeant asked.

"I don't really know," the girl replied.

"Lady, it's in the middle of the afternoon on a clear, sunny day," the sergeant said in an exasperated voice. "How could a man grab and rape you without you seeing what he looked like?"

"Well, for one thing," the redhead answered, "I always close my eyes when I'm being screwed."

Question: What's the difference between a woman and a toilet.

Answer: A toilet doesn't follow you around after you use it.

When the naive young farmgirl arrived in New York City and decided to become a prostitute, she initially started by charging \$10, upping the price as she gained experience. After a year she figured she was ready for the big time and charged a john \$100.

Unknown to the girl, the john had slipped on a rubber. After they were through and the girl was washing up, the rubber fell out. Looking down in dismay, the girl sobbed, "Wouldn't you know it? Just when I start making the big money, the lining falls out."

A sexy housewife who'd neglected to pay her paperboy for ten weeks glanced out the window and noticed him strolling up the walk. Thinking quickly, she put on a silk nightie and answered the door. "Hello, handsome," she said.

"Hey, lady, you owe me \$20."

Slyly exposing her left nipple, the woman responded, "Twenty bucks? That's a lot of money." When this failed to affect the youth, she pulled up her nightie, revealing her luscious cunt. The youth seemed unfazed; so the desperate housewife cried, "Quick, step inside! I hear someone coming!"

The youth followed the woman inside, whereupon she stripped and lay down on the sofa. Stroking herself, she asked the lad, "What do you think is the most sensitive part of my body?"

The boy paused for a moment, then said, "Your ears, ma'am."

Astounded, the naked lady replied, "My ears?!"

"That's right," the youth explained. "When I was out on the porch, you said you heard someone coming. Well, it was me!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *masturbation* as: doing your own thing.

A man went to see his doctor because he was having sexual problems with the missus. After listening to his lament, the physician said, "It sounds like a case of simple bedroom boredom. Let me tell you about a little game my wife and I used to play to spice up our sex life."

"She would sit at one end of the bed with her legs spread, and I'd sit at the other," the doctor continued. "I'd throw grapes at her pussy, and all the ones she caught I'd eat right out of her box. Then she'd throw doughnuts at me and munch every one of 'em that got caught on my dick."

The man got terribly excited and rushed to the phone to call his wife. "Honey," he said, "our problems are solved. I'm on my way home now. Before I get there, though, I want you to go out and buy a box of Cheerios and a dozen cantaloupes."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

Chester the Molester

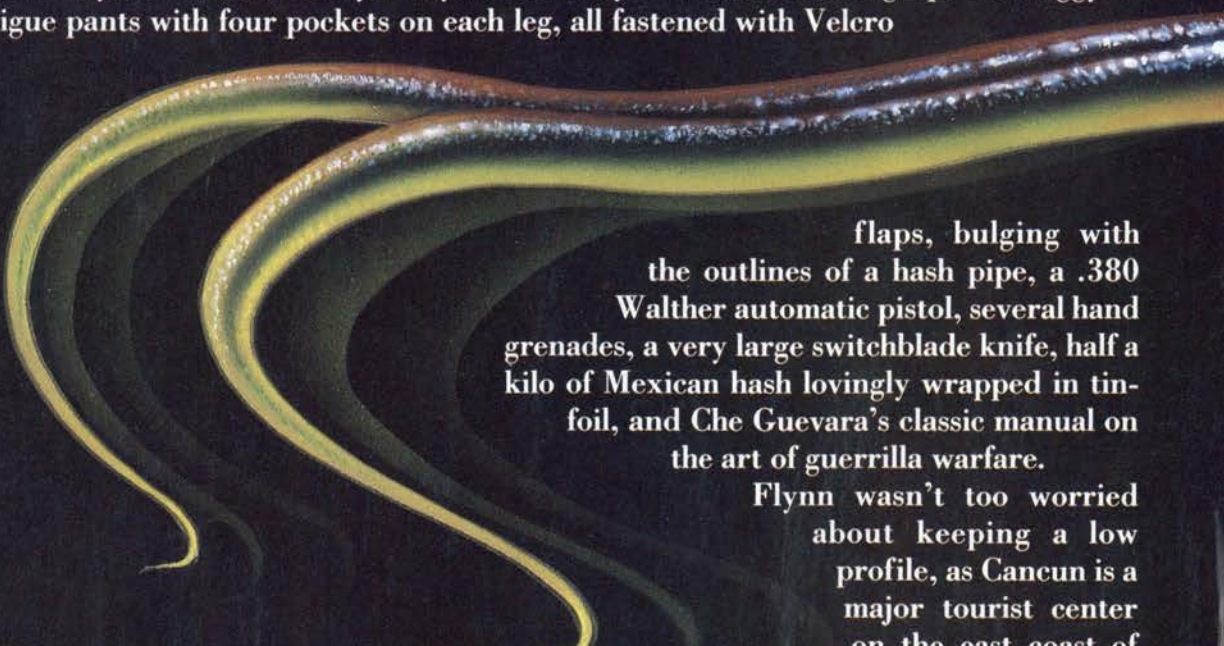


"Caught this joker at a market, jerking off to the pictures of missing children on milk cartons!"

Snake Dancer

Mike Flynn looked the leftist guerrilla on vacation. His hand-painted T-shirt, liberated from some Berkeley head shop ten years earlier, flashed in the tropical sun. Framed with the slogan DIRECT ACTION in black letters three inches high on a revolutionary-red background was a Day-Glo cartoon depicting then-Governor Ronald Reagan's brains being blown out by a pistol-wielding fist.

This shirt had been Flynn's only consolation on that tragic day in 1981 when John Hinckley's hand failed to lay the tyrant low. Flynn was also wearing a pair of baggy fatigues with four pockets on each leg, all fastened with Velcro

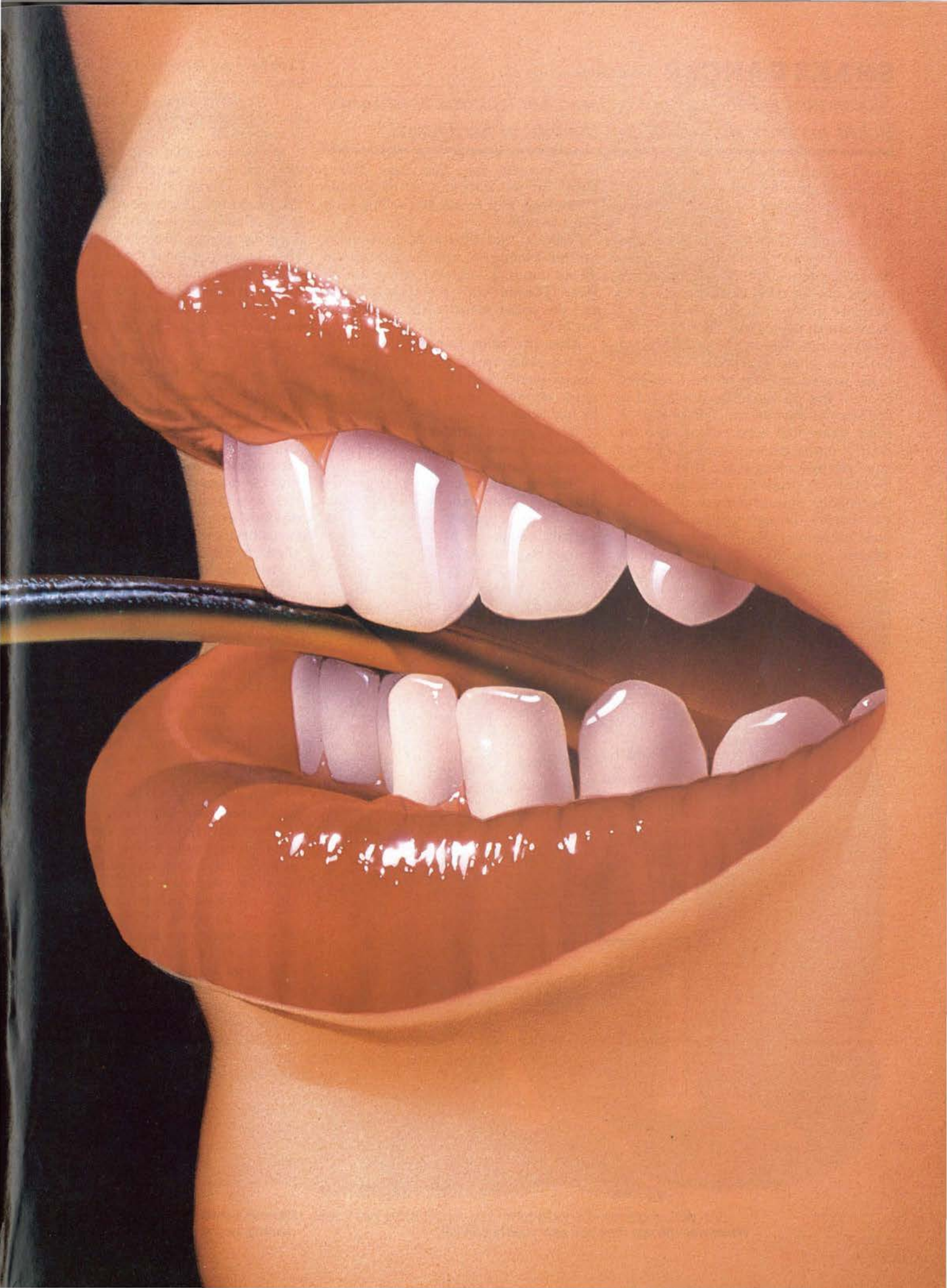


flaps, bulging with the outlines of a hash pipe, a .380 Walther automatic pistol, several hand grenades, a very large switchblade knife, half a kilo of Mexican hash lovingly wrapped in tin-foil, and Che Guevara's classic manual on the art of guerrilla warfare.

Flynn wasn't too worried about keeping a low profile, as Cancun is a major tourist center on the east coast of the Yucatan Peninsula, and he realized that he wouldn't be particularly conspicuous in a vast madhouse of outlandishly garbed gringos. He was far more leery of being mistaken for a Drug Enforcement Administration agent—hell, down here they tortured those goddamned DEA pimps to death and *then* asked to see some ID. And anyway, he

Fiction by Larry James Puckett

Illustration by W.C. Studios



Snake Dancer (continued from page 67)

She snaked her tongue out between her lips and cautiously licked her bare shoulders and the tops of her breasts.

wasn't in Cancun to promote the revolution brewing among the restless Mayans; he was just taking some much-needed R&R.

He needed it damn bad too. The jungle is an unfinished world of fantastic realities and even more real fantasies. It creeps into the mind like the roots of an immense green tree and, when he felt those roots tearing up the soil of his brain, he rightly took it high time to get out of the jungle for a while.

He paused in front of the Feathered Serpent Bar on Kukulcan Boulevard in the heart of the Cancun Island resort. A color photo had been tacked onto the door: A naked girl wearing nothing but a large sleepy-looking snake (which Flynn decided was probably rubber) was performing her outrageous snake dance for the tourists through this week. "Decadent bourgeois filth," he muttered as he stepped inside. The icy blast of the air conditioner almost floored him. Like most such bars throughout the world, the place reeked of beer, piss and cigarette smoke, and a bottle of Dos Equis—Mexico's prime brew—cost four times what it would

in a "straight" bar. The snake dancer wasn't on yet. Instead, a set of Siamese twins, Pepe and Felipe, was telling dirty jokes onstage.

"What's the difference between a beautiful young senorita in a bathtub and an old nun in a bathtub?" (Pause for effect.) "The nun, she has hope in her soul, and the young senorita, she has soap in her hole."

After the twins had shuffled off to their dressing room, the bar fell into an uneasy silence, and Flynn punched some music into the jukebox: "Bad Company" by Bad Company.

"Hey, gringo," a Mexican at the bar called out to him. "Don't you fockeen like mariachi music?"

"It's great for calling roaches into the kitchen," Flynn snarled. The Mexican, who was not a particularly large man, especially compared to Flynn (who was built like a cross between a white ape and Arnold Schwarzenegger), flung himself off the stool and tottered toward Flynn.

"You'd better not be expecting a Mexican standoff, Jose," Flynn growled, snapping back the hammer of the Walther.



"When was the last time you saw your husband?"

"You have my permission to sit down and watch the show. Go on."

"I don't need your fockeen permees-shun," the Mexican whined as he backed onto his stool.

In the silence that followed Bad Company there was an abrupt noise that sounded to Flynn exactly like a bat fart he had heard late one evening among the ruins of the ancient Mayan city of Chichen-Itza. It was the Mayan drummer, who was to accompany the white goddess Ixchel in her snake dance, warming up. Flynn was momentarily rattled by the fear that one of those jungle hallucinations had sneaked into his gray matter like some insidious virus.

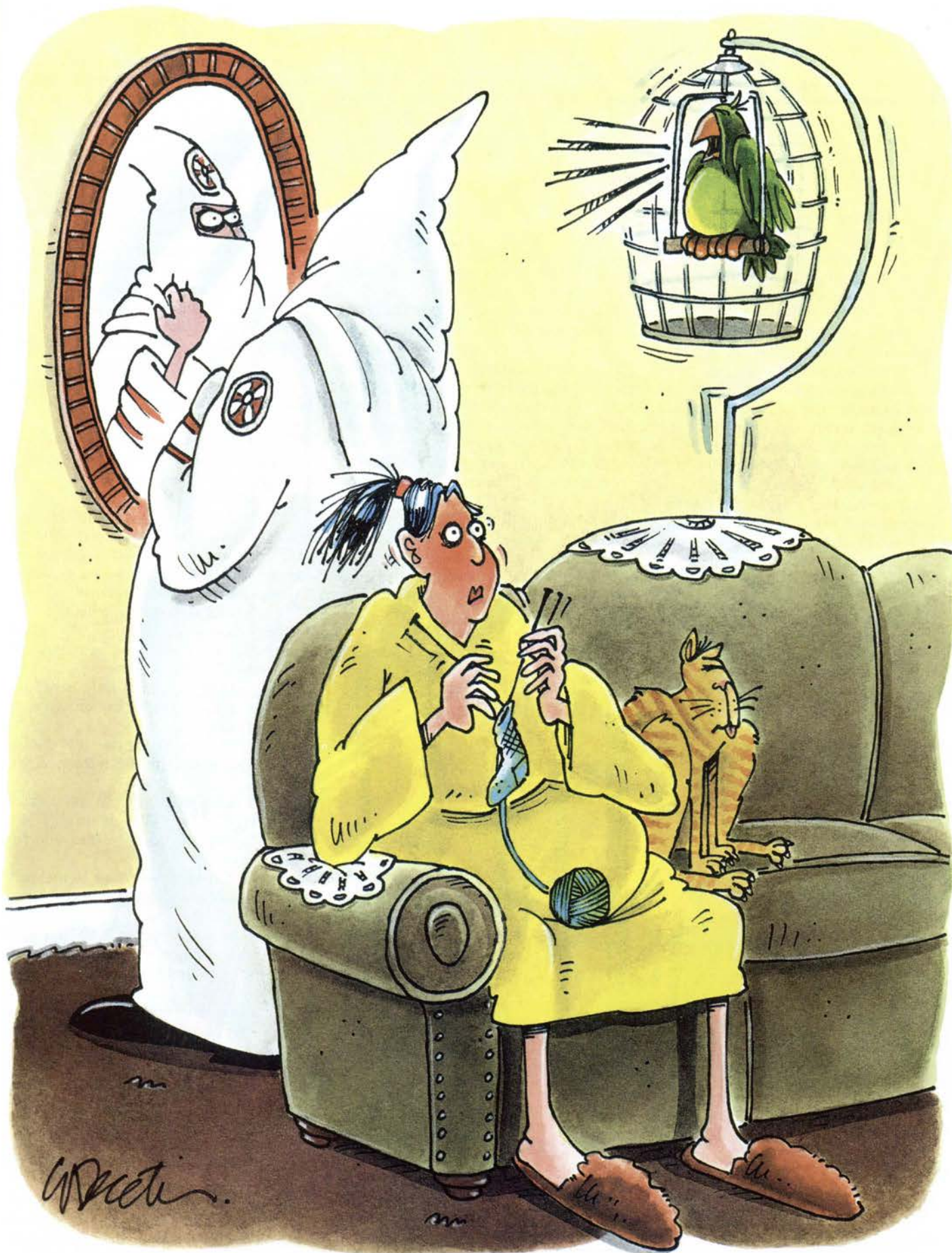
Gas-fed torches at the corners of the stage suddenly flared into life. Wrapped in a feathered cape, Ixchel whirled across the elevated dance platform like a gyrating dervish. Her bare feet slapped the thin carpet, and she flashed her full white breasts and ground her hips in rhythm with the drumbeats. The little drummer leered stupidly at her naked thighs, drooling as his hands rose and fell between his legs. Already her pale skin was glistening with sweat.

Flynn was fascinated. She had slipped off her cape and was coiled among the rainbow-colored feathers, her long legs stretched out taut, running her delicate fingers along the lips of her pussy. She snaked her tongue out between her lips and cautiously licked her bare shoulders and the tops of her breasts. She lifted her right hand and held it a few inches above her vagina and rhythmically stroked an imaginary cock, then arched her neck and pouted her lips as she sucked her unseen lover's balls.

"Chingado," the Mexican at the bar murmured out loud. An enormous snake, at least 14 feet long, was drooping down from a hole in the ceiling. With genuine lust, Ixchel craned her head to meet the serpent's, and their darting tongues brushed furtively.

Flynn shivered involuntarily. The damned snake was nothing less than a bushmaster, a pink-and-black monster with huge featherlike scales and fangs two inches long. The bushmaster, he knew, is one of the most dangerous snakes in the world, a vicious reptile that actually looks for an opportunity to attack, prowling in the dark of night for warm-blooded prey when women lie curled asleep with their lovers' cocks snugly sheathed in their tight pussies like warm pet snakes.

Ixchel licked the bushmaster's head gently and stretched her mouth open wide enough to close her lips over the jaws. She began to suck, pulling the serpent's long body down to her, intertwining her soft flesh with the cold dry



"Oooh, Rufus, you big, black sex god! Oooh, stuff that ebony bone deep into my . . .!"

SNAKE DANCER (continued from page 68)

She began licking the white underbelly. The bushmaster flicked its tongue along her breasts.

scales, writhing in the creature's embrace. She drew back her head and began licking the white underbelly. The bushmaster flicked its tongue along her breasts and down her belly, coiling ominously above her crotch. With a low hiss the lipless mouth snapped open, baring two-inch fangs—*rubber, natch*, Flynn thought—and, striking and biting, the snake savaged the girl's furred cunt.

"Quetzalcoatl," the woman moaned softly. "Fuck me!"

The snake thrust its gleaming head toward the naked woman, and she massaged it lovingly with petroleum jelly and guided it into her vagina. She rolled back on her hips, taking the fullness of the serpent's huge head into her box, and they fucked tenderly. Her eyes rolled upward until only the whites, glowing pearls, showed. Her long red hair, which Flynn imagined wrapped tightly about his bare arms as she pulled him into her, flickered like a writhing mass of snakes. She flung back her head and cried out with pleasure.

The Mayan drummer was pounding the stiff white skin between his legs in a

frenzy now as if urging the snake deeper into the woman's cunt. Oblivious to all but the naked, sweat-drenched woman, Flynn was stuffing his hash pipe with the sickly smelling brown goo wrapped in tin-foil. He ignored the erection tightening his pants, knowing for sure that it was shared with every man in the bar—a dozen small snakes aching forward to share in their brother's fulfillment.

The gas torches were slowly going out, and the drummer was slowing his pounding into a curiously intense diminuendo. Ixchel came, flailing against the stage and letting loose deep, throaty cries. Flynn knew then and there that he had to fuck this demented snake dancer. *My snake may not have any fangs*, he was thinking, *but its bite is outrageous*. He dug into his pockets and fished out a pen and a scrap of paper and wrote a note to Ixchel. Slipping the Mayan drummer ten bucks, he murmured, "Give the white goddess this note for me."

The Mayan leered, "She don't fuck no men, moch less gringos. Just her serpent. You are wasting your money, gringo."

"Just give her the note, *cabron*."



The Mayan spat a nasty black liquid. "I hope she makes the snake fuck you up the ass," he hissed.

Flynn hooked two fingers in the man's huge nostrils and hoisted him three feet into the air. In a steady voice he assured him, "If you don't deliver that note right now, I'm gonna cut your balls off and use them for door knockers."

His feet back on terra firma, the brown-skinned Mayan sagged visibly, like a roach that's just been blasted with Black Flag. He scurried away through the stage door. Flynn sat down at his table and ordered a couple of honey liqueurs with little caterpillars in the bottoms of the glasses. A few minutes later Ixchel approached his table.

"Like your T-shirt," she commented in a pronounced Bronx accent.

"I only wish it was a commemorative edition," he grunted.

She accepted the drink.

"What are you going to do with the worm in the bottom?" Flynn wondered.

"Suck it dry," she pouted.

"Name's Mike Flynn."

"My real name's Anita Manitari, but Ixchel was the Mayan goddess of fertility, and it seemed like a good stage name." She sucked the green worm greedily. "What kind of work do you do?"

"I'm a rural-strategies activist."

"Oh," she said, laughing, "a leftist guerrilla. Is Cancun about to be overthrown?"

"No, actually I'm on a little R&R. Yopo?" He offered her a tiny spoonful of white powder.

"Yopo?" She looked at the stuff doubtfully. "That's that shit the Indians snort, isn't it?"

"Yeah. They make it from the bark of some tree. It's pure, natural DMT. Coupla good snorts and you're wild for half an hour."

"Later. Do you really have 18 inches?" The pupils of her green eyes were dilated with lust.

"Even better. I've got a 40-foot anaconda back at camp. A lesbian anaconda."

Anita squealed. "But I'm not the USO!"

He pushed a crisp \$100 bill across the table. "We're not the dogdamned U.S. Army."

* * *

"Does that goddamned snake have to be in here?" Flynn demanded. They were in his penthouse apartment atop the Pyramid of the Jaguar in the ruined Mayan city of Nohoch Cep, where the Mayan revolutionaries had their camp.

Anita couldn't immediately respond, as she was on her knees with Flynn's immense cock in her mouth. It made a popping sound as she pulled it out.

(continued on page 90)





CORPORATE COOZE



Photography by Clive McLean

Now that Charley's finally gotten that big promotion—on his birthday, no less—a celebration is in order. So his co-workers send for Sheila, the friendly neighborhood stripper. But Sheila turns out to be hotter than anyone imagined and, with the champagne flowing freely, pretty soon everyone's got to get into the act. It doesn't take long for the secretaries to get on the ball for a staff-stuffing as the dedicated employees conclude it's best to give at the office. With cocks rising faster than stocks, the young ladies widen their portfolios with solid holdings. By dawn, all mergers successfully completed, the weary workers get some much-needed rest before another day of keeping the wheels of business greased.

















"I don't know why the guys in the business have to have such big cocks. Most of the public isn't like that."

money or whether they're so into sex that they *love* having DPs.

HUSTLER: But anal tapes seem to sell quite well.

RAE: I think the general public doesn't do stuff like that; so it's something new, something different. I think they like to watch, regardless of whether or not it has any sexual appeal.

HUSTLER: What do you like to have done to you sexually?

RAE: I like to be slam-fucked. The harder the better, the faster the better. On a set once I told Buck Adams, "I want you to fuck me like my ex-boyfriend used to fuck me." And he said, "How is that?" I said, "Like you hate me." He freaked out. It's a good scene though. That's the way I like to have sex: real hard and real intense.

HUSTLER: What was this ex-boyfriend like?

RAE: Interesting. I think my sexuality evolved out of that relationship. I have no complaints. He was a real nice guy.

HUSTLER: Was he your first fuck?

RAE: Yeah. I lived with him for 4½ years. So I never really slept around and experimented with sex until my first year doing

adult films—that's when I'd go into bars, pick guys up and have sex at random.

HUSTLER: Did these guys know you were a porn actress?

RAE: Well, I experimented. And the ones I told either felt like they had to prove themselves by fucking my brains out and trying all this weird, kinky shit, or else they'd be so inhibited, they didn't know what to do. So I just stopped telling them. If anyone asked what I did, I told them I did publicity for a movie company. Picking guys up was a lot of fun, but I only did it for about three months.

HUSTLER: What type of guys did you pick up? What's a turn-on or a turn-off for you?

RAE: I like rock 'n' roll types. I like "little boys"—younger guys. I'm not crazy about blond hair. Bodybuilder types don't turn me on. I like lean, long muscle: swimmers' and gymnasts' bodies. And I don't like uncircumcised cocks.

HUSTLER: What about the guys in porn who are uncircumcised?

RAE: They're really cool. They're very clean. I can't be too picky about it because that's my job.

HUSTLER: Do you prefer the younger males in your work as well?

RAE: Yeah. The older guys have been in the business so long that now they're into kink to get it up. They can't just walk into a scene and fuck. You've got to squeeze their nipples or smack 'em or shove a finger up their ass or something like that. It's not just pure animal sex for them anymore.

HUSTLER: Is there anybody you haven't made it with that you want to?

RAE: Not that I know of. We need more guys. I get sick of having to have sex with the same men all the time.

HUSTLER: Why do you think there aren't more men than there are in the business?

RAE: Because it's hard to find guys who can fuck like these guys can, who can get it up and keep it up in front of the camera and who have big dicks. Joe Schmoie walking down the street usually doesn't fit the requirements. It's a shame. I don't know why the guys in the business have to have such big cocks. Most of the public isn't like that.

I can't wait to come home and have sex with my boyfriend, who's normal.

HUSTLER: Women seem to leave the business a lot sooner than the men. Why do you think the men hang on so long?

RAE: I think it's because after two or three years nobody knows who the hell the girls are. You can change your hair color, get married and kind of go back into the woodwork. But I've gone out in public with Joey Silvera and Ron Jeremy and Buck Adams—and people recognize them. Other guys recognize them. The guys stand out. Also, I think they stay in longer because it's harder for a guy to go from porn stud to Joe Schmoie working on the construction line. I think girls have an easier time adjusting to reality after doing movies. That's my theory. I don't know if it's true or not.

HUSTLER: Is that true even of women still in the business? Do you think they're not recognized?

RAE: No, no. Seka, Marilyn Chambers and Vanessa Del Rio are institutions. They've made porn their life. That's what their lives are all about. They've cultivated very distinct looks that make it hard for them not to be recognized.

HUSTLER: What about you? Are you recognized?

RAE: No. Sometimes when I'm on a plane or traveling, I get looks from businessmen like, "I know who you are, but I don't know where I know you from." But I don't usually look like I do in films—when I'm me, when I'm normal—so I hardly ever get recognized.

HUSTLER: Do you think you'd enjoy being recognized a lot?

RAE: No. It would be nice to be famous,



"This has to stop, Louis! You've been out of prison for seven months now!"



"Actually, mine's a mixed breed—Great Dane and Chihuahua!"

"I like to suck cock. I like to run my lips down the side of it like a suction tube and drool all over it."

but, I mean, famous for *fucking*? You want to be famous for being known to fuck? I'm in this for the money because money gives me the lifestyle I like. But I have to get my financial shit together so I can live like this after I get out of the business. I'm not in this to become another Seka or Marilyn Chambers. To me that's bullshit. That's not real life. I want to go back to real life.

HUSTLER: What do you have in mind?

RAE: I'd like to do something with animals; maybe breed dogs, open up a dog-grooming salon. I don't know, something like that.

HUSTLER: What about crossing over into mainstream films?

RAE: That doesn't interest me at all.

HUSTLER: Do you think that most of the porn stars who say they want to cross over really want to?

RAE: Oh, yes. Like Kelly Nichols *really* wanted to do that. Samantha Fox *really* wanted to. Traci Lords *really* wanted to go straight. My attitude is, once you do porn, you can't go back and launch a new career in straight films. You just can't do it, because you're known for doing porn.

I don't see why these girls get so upset because they can't make the transition. They should take their porn careers as far as they can, make a lot of money, then go back to real life. The truth of the matter is, I don't think that a lot of the girls are good enough to do straight stuff. I don't think I am. I don't think Traci Lords is—I don't care what anybody says, I've seen her act. I've seen a lot of these girls act. Kelly Nichols might have made it if she hadn't done porn, because she was a good actress, but she had a lot of emotional problems; so I really don't know if she would have been able to handle it. I sound like a fucking psychoanalyst here.

HUSTLER: A lot of the men seem to be serious about acting too. Robert Bullock, for example, seems to have gone from stud to leading man almost overnight.

RAE: He wants to be an actor, a *real* actor, so bad. And he's so serious. This is X. You can't take this business seriously. You do to a certain degree because it's your career, your bread and butter, but he takes it so seriously that it's humorous. He has a very hard time performing sexually because he's so into being a real actor

that it's like demeaning for him to have to do this. He was talking about a scene in *The Voyeur* where he had to jerk off, and he said he had to go down so deep inside of himself to pull out these feelings so he'd be able to do this, and I was thinking, *Shut up and just jerk off*, you know? What's the big deal? He's too intense for me. He internalizes everything to such an extent. But he and I always got along very well. Nice person.

HUSTLER: Of the actresses working today, who do you think is particularly hot on the screen?

RAE: Nina Hartley. Ginger Lynn. I've never watched any of Amber Lynn's sex scenes, but I hear she's incredibly hot. Sharon Mitchell. Vanessa Del Rio.

HUSTLER: You made a film with Vanessa. Did you have sex with her?

RAE: No. That was *Play Me Again, Vanessa*. She played my sexual mentor, but we never had a scene together, which I thought was rather bizarre. That was also the picture in which I was asked to do an anal. I tried, just to make the producer feel good, but I knew I'd never be able to do it. So the scene became a threeway.

HUSTLER: Do producers pay a lot more for anal scenes?

RAE: Yeah, they offered me a lot more.

HUSTLER: How much?

RAE: I don't remember exactly. I think it was like another thousand. It was a big thing, because I'd never done an anal, and they could bill it as my first. But I knew I could never do it.

HUSTLER: Would that be your biggest challenge in a sex film—doing an anal?

RAE: My biggest challenge would be not to have sex throughout the whole thing—and get paid.

HUSTLER: Are you really good at getting your price? Are you hassled about that?

RAE: I get \$1,000 a day, and I don't negotiate. I don't really care if I work or not. I like to work, I like the money, but if I don't get my day rate, I get real bitchy because I think I'm being raped. I know it's all psychological, but I just don't like to work below my day rate. If they fly me out from Philadelphia and back, then I come down in price a little bit, but I have yet to argue with anyone about my day rate.

HUSTLER: You don't do anals, and you don't do double penetrations. What else?

RAE: I'm not really into bondage.

HUSTLER: No bondage. You certainly fuck, though, and suck cock.

RAE: I like to suck cock. I like to run my lips down the side of it like a suction tube, and all around it without ever putting it in my mouth. Then, *pop!*—go down on it and suck it up. Then go back and do it again all around the sides of the cock,

(continued on page 88)



"Oh, I got dem ol' can't-get-a-hard-on blues!"

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than one) to **HUSTLER Beaver Hunt**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 92, or a facsimile. Remember, any lucky lady we select will receive \$100. And if you're chosen for a full layout, you'll win \$1,000.

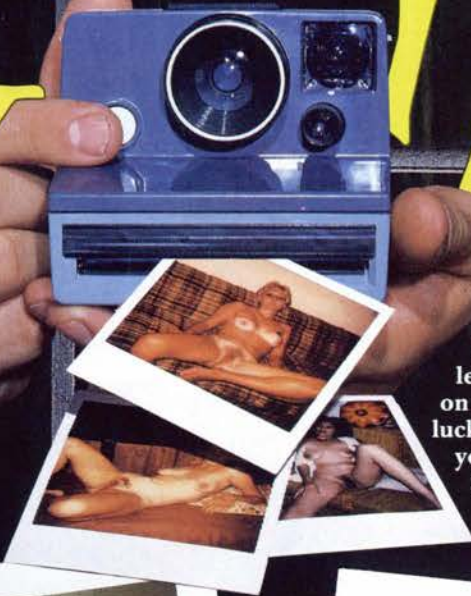


Photo by Friend



A lab technician from New Haven, Connecticut, 19-year-old Melissa loves painting, hiking and long naked drives. Her fantasy is to ride nude on a motorcycle into the desert with her lover and make love in the hot sand.

Photo by Jim



Foxy Bindy, 25, is a sales representative from San Jose, California, who's into singing, aerobics and older men. She says her fantasy is oral sex with "my favorite tall, gray-haired man."

Mesa, 24, is an Alexander, Arkansas, housewife who enjoys dancing, nude photography and sex. Her dream is to become a centerfold and make porn movies.



Photo by Husband

Photo by Husband



Cricket, 20, is a Jacksonville, Florida, housewife who also works in the mailroom of a phone company. She's into dancing, partying and sex. "My fantasy is to fuck Daryl Hall's brains out while my husband watches," Cricket chirps.

Photo by Husband



"My hobbies are suckin' cock and eatin' pussy," claims Denise, a 20-year-old typist from New Kingstown, Pennsylvania. Her fantasy was to have her picture in HUSTLER. Glad we could make it come true, Denise.



Photo by Husband



Pat, 37, is a secretary from Louisville, Kentucky. She says her hobbies are sex in unusual places, showing her pussy and riding horses. Besides appearing in *Beaver Hunt*, her dream is to be "big-dicked" or gang-fucked.

Photo by Friend



Nineteen-year-old Cathe is a waitress from Phoenix, Arizona, whose hobbies are aerobics, reading and dancing. She dreams of making love to a rock band while they're performing in concert.

Photo by David



Riverview, Florida's Carol, 34, is a secretary who's into swimming, skiing and fishing. Carol's fantasy involves a threesome with her husband, a beautiful woman and herself.

TAIJA RAE

(continued from page 84)

licking the base, balls and inner thighs. I work a lot with my tongue while the shaft is in my mouth, running it around the head. I drool all over it.

HUSTLER: What about oral sex on you? What do you like done?

RAE: I like it, but I get so aroused that I just want to get fucked. I would never say no, but it can't just be oral sex. I have to have something in me.

HUSTLER: Like fingers? Do you ever masturbate?

RAE: Not on my own time. I just get frustrated, because I want to get laid. It was different when I was young. I used to stick my hand in my underpants when I had my school dress on. That way I could do it and never be noticed.

HUSTLER: You're so fuck-oriented, you must be an orgasm gourmet. Have you ever experienced a G-spot orgasm?

RAE: I really don't know, but sometimes, when I'm with the right person, I'll come—and it's soaking, soaking, *soaking* wet. There's this sensation right in the front of my pussy, near the top, and it's completely different from a clitoral orgasm. I don't know if it's my G spot, or what the hell it is. All I know is that it feels good.

HUSTLER: Can you name some films in

which you've actually had an orgasm in front of the camera?

RAE: No. I don't have orgasms for the camera. I can get off, but I never let myself get to that point because when you have an orgasm, you lose control, and I don't like to lose control in a work situation.

HUSTLER: Is that an emotional or a professional defense?

RAE: I think it's professional. There's a difference between having an orgasm and getting off. When you get off, you're really enjoying what you're doing, you're having a good time, it feels really good, and you could almost come. You could come if it went on a little bit longer, and if you decided, *I'm gonna do it*. But I just don't want to let myself go. I want to stay in control.

HUSTLER: Do you foresee a situation where you might want to let go on the screen?

RAE: No, because I'm not interested in having an orgasm with anybody I work with. The only person I like to come with is my boyfriend. I have to save something because everything else is public. I have to save something for my private life. If I came with everybody, it wouldn't be special anymore; it wouldn't mean anything. It would just be a body response. I have to save something. I just *can't* do it for the camera. 🐣

TIMOTHY LEARY ON RAPE

(continued from page 50)

less, disloyal idiot is obviously emotionally confused.

The sexual wrestling behind me is mercifully brief. It turns out that this guy, after lathering himself up for five minutes, can only produce a limp halfmast effort. Victim No. 3 apparently has problems about premature ejaculation and virility and the hot Mama of his fantasies.

Is this why he likes to carry a gun?

He orders Melody to roll over. We both lay motionless and silent. I feel terrible for a dozen reasons. Frankly, this is the worst moment of my life. Meanwhile, the guy is frantically running around in the kitchen, rattling pots and pans and mumbling this jive about "I be yo' good boy, Mama. I be good to you, sweet Mama."

He draws water from the sink. I can hear him splash water on the floor near Melody and then the squeegy sound of a towel scrubbing the floor—still babbling away this baby talk. Seems he doesn't want his precious bodily fluids left as evidence of the pathetic crime. Or maybe he's still trying to show Mama he's not a bad boy.

Next he comes over and checks my bonds with one hand, gun in the other. Then he heaves a big sigh.

"Okay. I gonna wait outside the do' for ten minutes. You make a sound or move, Mama, I kill you."

I can see his shadow at the door, hear it open and close. I wait for a few seconds and then begin to pull at the knots.

I finally get loose and sit next to Melody. She's lying motionless, breathing quietly in some sort of protective trance. I hold her hand and whisper loving things in her ear. She doesn't move for a long time.

"When you feel up to it," I say, "why don't you take a shower?"

Melody raises her head and sends me a friendly look. "Neat idea," she sighs.

I help her up and lead her to the bathroom. She throws off the rest of her clothes and steps into the shower. I light a candle and turn out the light. As I leave the room, I say, "Shall I call the police?"

As soon as I ask the question, she pokes her head out of the shower. "No, Irving," she says firmly, "we don't need the police."

(After reflection I have concluded that this was a most profound remark. "No, Irving, we don't need the police." Or a lawyer either?)

"How about a shot of brandy?"

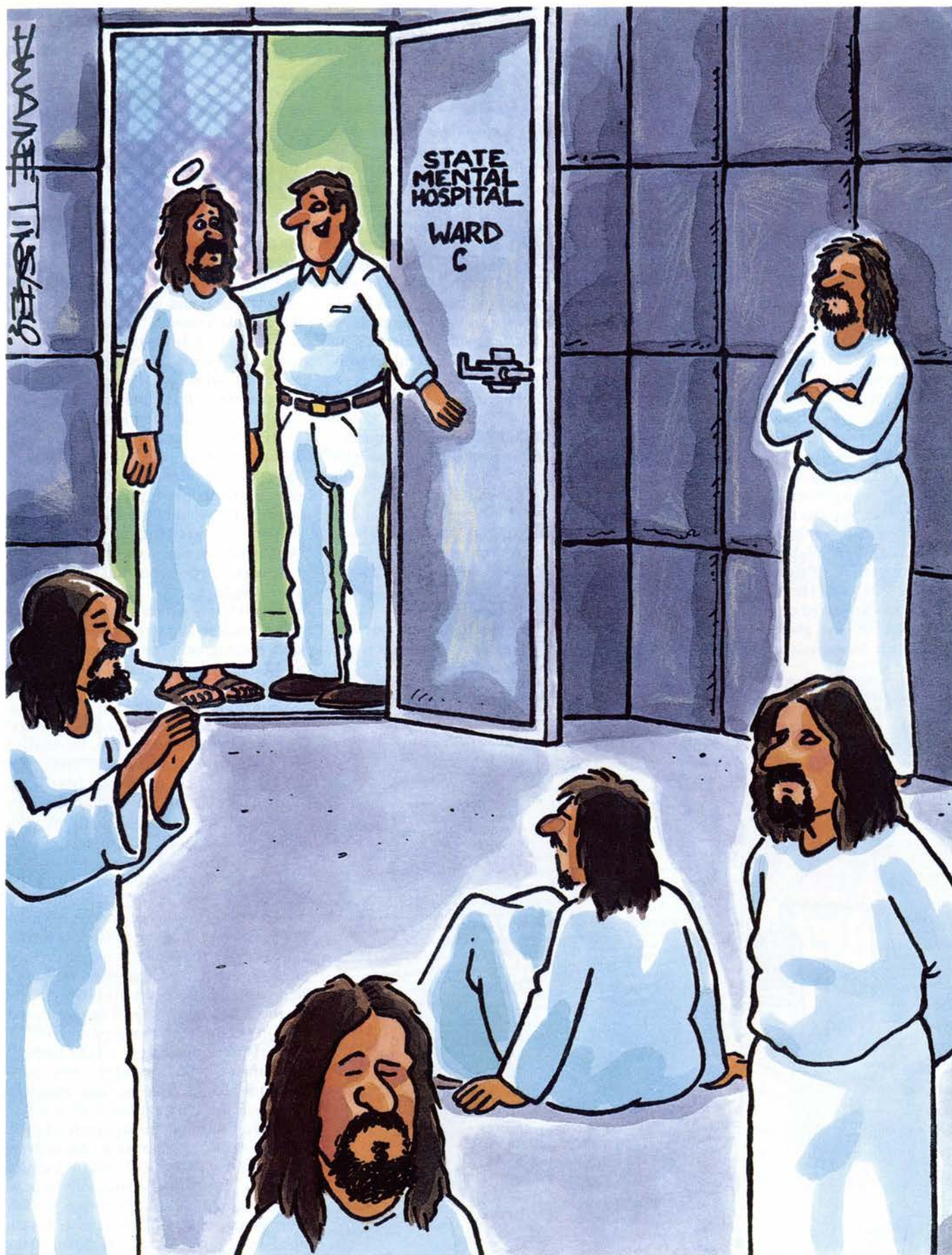
She smiles weakly. "Irving, you read my mind."

"How do you feel?"

She ponders for a while, then shakes her head. "That poor guy." 🐣

AUGUST HUSTLER





"Here's your room, 'J. C.' . . . Now go on in and say hi to all the others who think they're Christ."

SNAKE DANCER (continued from page 70)

"Part snake yourself," he panted to her. Her eyes narrowed, and her tongue darted out to lick his face.

"I was hoping you would teach him some new tricks," she said, pumping his cock with her fingers to keep it hard.

"Just as long as he doesn't try to stick his head up my ass while I'm screwing you." He felt his sphincters tighten.

Giggling, Anita pushed him down onto the bed, sitting on his face and rubbing her pussy hard over his mouth. Coiled upon itself into a living sculpture three feet high, the serpent Quetzalcoatl watched coldly. From time to time the massive snake flicked its tongue out, testing the temperature of the air for suitable prey. If Flynn had known what the scaly voyeur was thinking then, he would have pulled on his pants and fled in terror.

"Your skin is like ice," he whispered to Anita while they fucked.

"Warm me up then." Their bellies slapped, and the room filled with the rich smell of sex and their grunts of pleasure. Anita's body was slender, and she clung to the mercenary. "Part snake yourself," he panted to her. Her eyes narrowed, and her tongue darted out to lick his face.

"Yes," she hissed, glancing toward the coiled, tense bushmaster.

It was just as Flynn grabbed her ass and pulled her tight against him that the snake took it into its head to sink those two-inch fangs—which were not, natch, rubber—into Flynn's ass. At just about the moment Flynn felt the pain, he realized that the woman he was screwing was no longer a milk-skinned, freckle-breasted redhead from the Bronx. Her skin was the color of cinnamon, her hair was black and shiny, and her eyes had become deep brown. Her teeth, as she grinned up at him, were filed to points and inlaid with jade and mother of pearl.

Flynn screamed and rolled off the bed, grabbing his Walther. Before he could level the gun and fire, the bushmaster was around his arm, biting him savagely. It coiled around his shoulders and pinned him to the stone floor while the woman mounted him again. "I am the jungle," she whispered, winding her long hair around his neck and choking the breath out of him while she dug her nails into his face. Flynn passed out.

* * *

When he came to, the tiny room was pungent with the musty odor that some

describe as resembling the smell of fresh-chopped eggplant—the odor of an aroused snake. He was alone.

Later he related the strange events to Xiu Dzul, the camp *curandero*—a cross between a witch doctor and a pharmacist—and understood better.

"You were screwing a *Xtabai*," Xiu told him. "You're lucky she didn't kill you."

"She almost chewed my balls off," Flynn groaned. His eyes were swollen and red, like deviled eggs sprinkled with paprika. He rubbed his snake-bitten genitals gingerly. "What da fuck is a *Shetab-eye*?"

Xiu laughed and gave him a bottle of salve for his wounds. "A divine spirit, in the form of a beautiful woman, who guards the forest. They usually inhabit the dark shadows of the ceiba tree and lure passersby into their embrace and strangle them with their long hair."

"Then they chew the poor fucker's balls off, right?"

Xiu looked puzzled. "If you weren't helping my people fight for their land, she probably would have killed you."

Flynn was groping to understand. "Well, what was the snake then?"

"A *nagual*, your spiritual counterpart in the jungle."

"A goddamn pervert snake that bites my ass because I'm screwing its whore? I don't fucking believe it." Flynn fished a can of Tecate beer out of the plastic ice chest at his feet.

Xiu grinned broadly. His teeth were black from years of chewing betel nuts. His eyes were black obsidian. He looked like death in a good mood. "Hell, just wait 'til the girls in the village hear from the *Xtabai* that you've got an 18-inch cock. You'll have to fight them off with an AK-47!"

* * *

Although Flynn was to look all over the Yucatan, he never found Anita Manitari. He went back to the Feathered Serpent Bar in Cancun, but the bartender swore that no snake-fucker had ever performed there. Stoned and bleary-eyed on yopo, Flynn wandered from bar to bar looking for the mysterious girl and her bushmaster. One night he was robbed and beaten in a dirty alley smelling of ratshit, behind the Maya-a-Go-Go, a rundown strip joint on Quetzalcoatl Avenue. The muggers even took the shirt off his back—a wildly colored affair depicting a giant feathered serpent violating a Mayan virgin with its lusty coils. Flynn made his way back to the guerrilla camp and eventually, some months later, would die when a CIA agent managed to slip him a can of Tecate laced with pure extract of bushmaster venom. Xiu made sure he was buried in the jungle, among the roots of a ceiba tree known to be the lair of a *Xtabai*. 🐍



"If you were really my best friend, you'd have gotten me one too!"

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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 8)

style and also to enjoy the unpredictable and always-changing presentation of our hot young models. James also travels around the world in search of talent that's right for HUSTLER, but if you know a heavenly pussy who'd like to pose, see our ad on page 96 of this issue.

MORMON HANG-UPS:

In reply to the article *Sin & Death in Mormon Country: A Latter-day Tragedy* (April '86), I have a few comments: As a High Priest in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormons), I was taught that sex is dirty, ugly and of the devil.

Now, as one of my duties as a Church leader, I try to counsel young couples, as well as other members, about marriage and sexual activities, but I've come under condemnation and was told that I was leading people on the pathway to hell.

Local Church leaders in most areas are totally inadequate to give counsel and, as the article indicated, they try to force others to accept "their" beliefs, which are wrong. Because these leaders fear judgment and censorship from higher authorities, they do a bad job and again, as the article indicates, they cause more

harm than good. It is a shame that people have to die because of the guilt trip that religious leaders put on them. If only the leaders would teach that sexual urges are human nature and are of God, not of Satan. —A Concerned Church Leader

San Antonio, Texas

PENT-UP FEELINGS:

Today I received your May '86 issue, and I'm excitably enjoying each and every page of it. And would you believe that my mother bought me the glad rag to raise my spirits? Well, it raised a lot more!

I'm confined to a minimum-security prison; so when I got my HUSTLER, I went through it like a dog after a bitch in heat. Now I feel more at home knowing that I can read your arousing magazine with satisfaction guaranteed and go to sleep with the best possible dreams. Though it may get used and abused until I can no longer read the lines or see the pictures because I can't always afford an issue of your class magazine, I will treasure the one copy I have. Thanks for the undying comfort you have unleashed upon my deprived manhood. —J. P.

Enfield, Connecticut

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

HOT LETTERS

(continued from page 11)

her. Mary's moans revived Tom, who urged us on. "Fuck the bitch! Yeah, slam that dripping hole!" I rammed her hard from behind, sliding my prick deep into her body while she arched back and took Tom's cock into her mouth.

I didn't last too long inside Mary. It was too hot and wet for a long, slow fuck. Besides, she wanted it hard and fast; so I gave it to her. This time I kept my dick deep inside her when I blew. I felt my schlong splurt steamy sperm far into her body. Just about that time, Tom let loose with his. Mary was taking hot jism from both ends!

An hour later they dropped me off at a truckstop. I bought a cup of coffee and looked for a friendly face to bum a ride from. Would you believe it? The chick sitting next to me at the counter was heading my way. Yeah, life on the road is great!

—J. B.

Salem, Oregon

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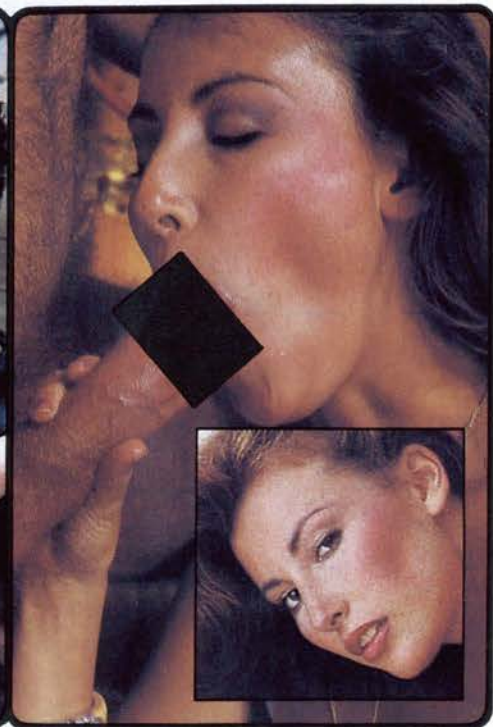
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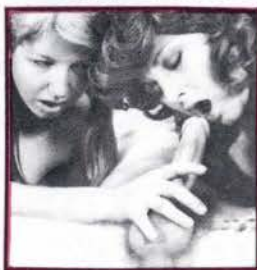
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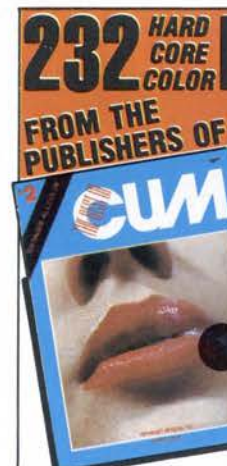


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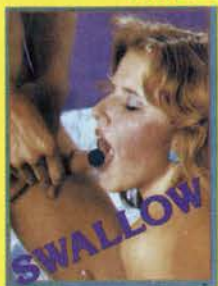
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6V. VIDEO

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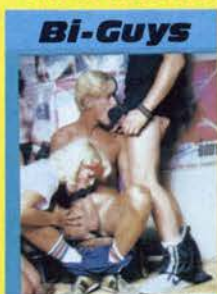
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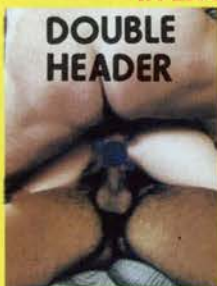


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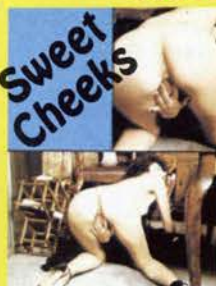


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11M. MAGAZINE

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12V. VIDEO

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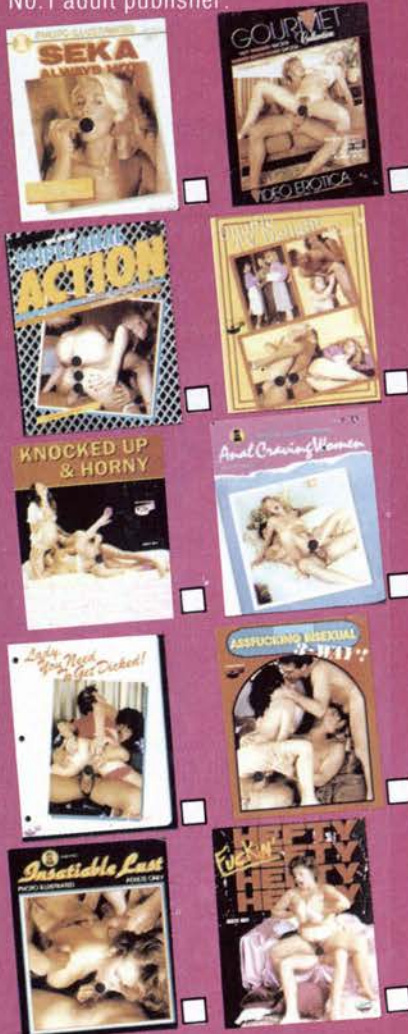
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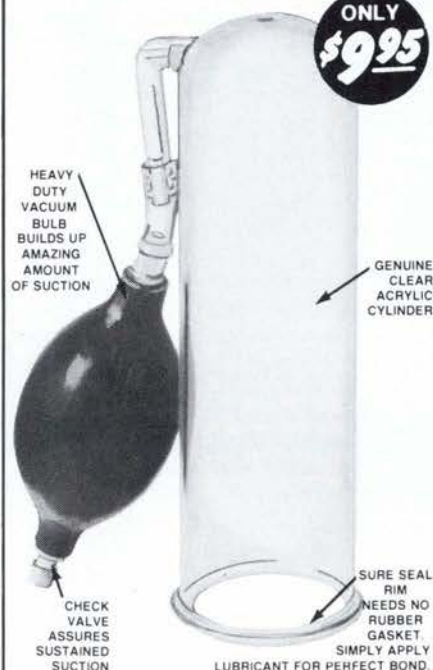
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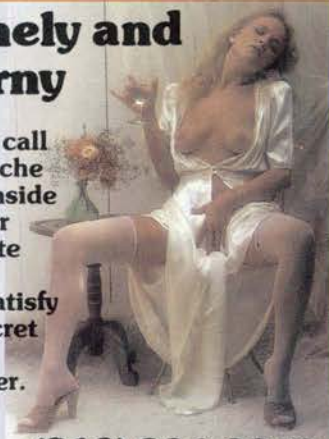
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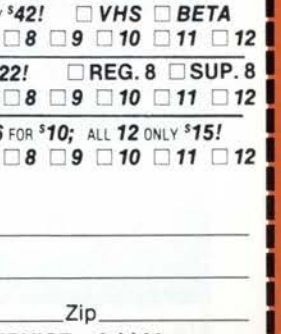


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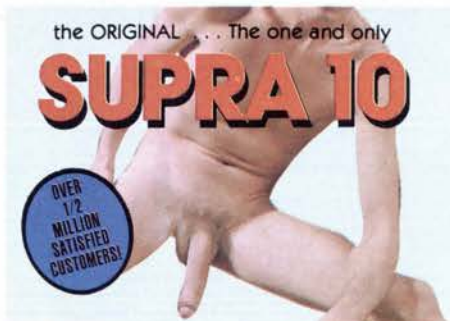
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September issue on sale July 22, 1986



GIRLS GALORE!

September's girls will blow your mind. First a cute-but-kinky heavy-metal headbanger gets into some hot-and-heavy bondage—she's got looks that kill! Then a French fox hits the sun-drenched sand for a spread-legged salute to the end of summer. Next, a horny housewife finds herself pumping a lot more than iron when she encounters two well-hung studs at the local gym. And finally, a scorching British babe lets it all hang out down in Mexico.

COPS AND COOZE

To many people in our largely lawless world they represent a last bastion of safety, sanity . . . and sex appeal. That's probably why cops have more chances to get laid than almost anyone. And, as HUSTLER reporter J. R. Nelson discovers, things can get kinky. Find out what the boys in blue do for kicks at the end of the shift.

TELEVISION TAKEOFF

If you're bored with the limited sex scenes on the small screen, you'll love the HUSTLER *Beaver Channel*, premiering next month. Humorist Anthony Asermelly twists the television dial to receive the far-out signal of HBC in this illustrated parody.

CLOSET CASE

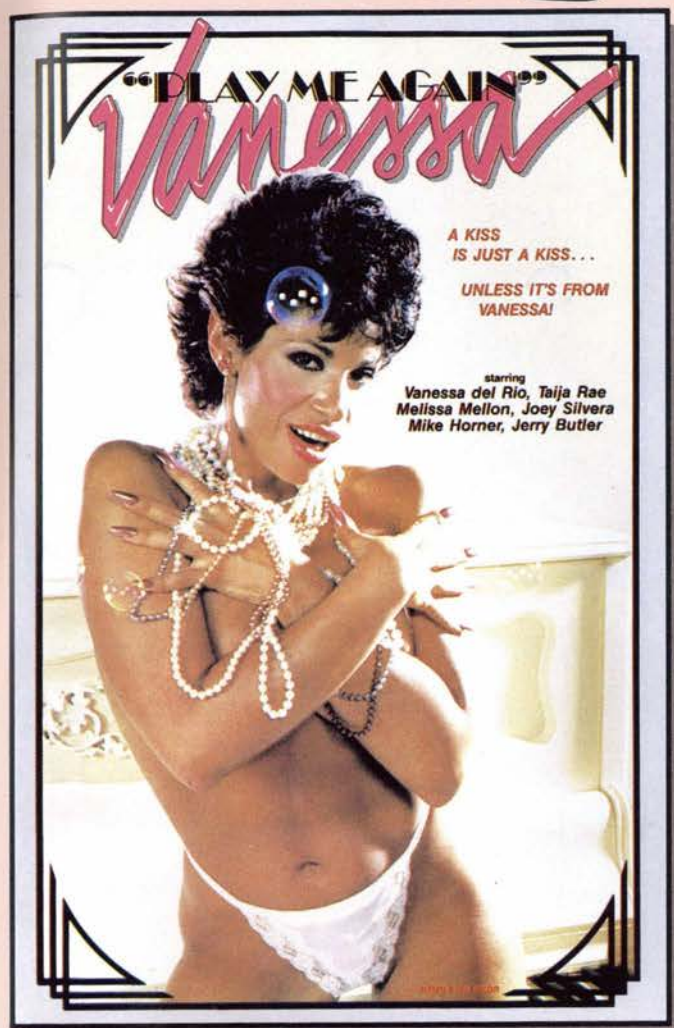
Lee Montgomery thought he had a pretty good thing going with Ayesha, the exotic young beauty who was currently sharing his bed. Until, that is, the demon in the closet took her away. Now, Montgomery has one hell of a fight on his hands if he's going to win her back in *The Longing*, eerie erotic fiction by Kerry Hartjen.

PLUS . . .

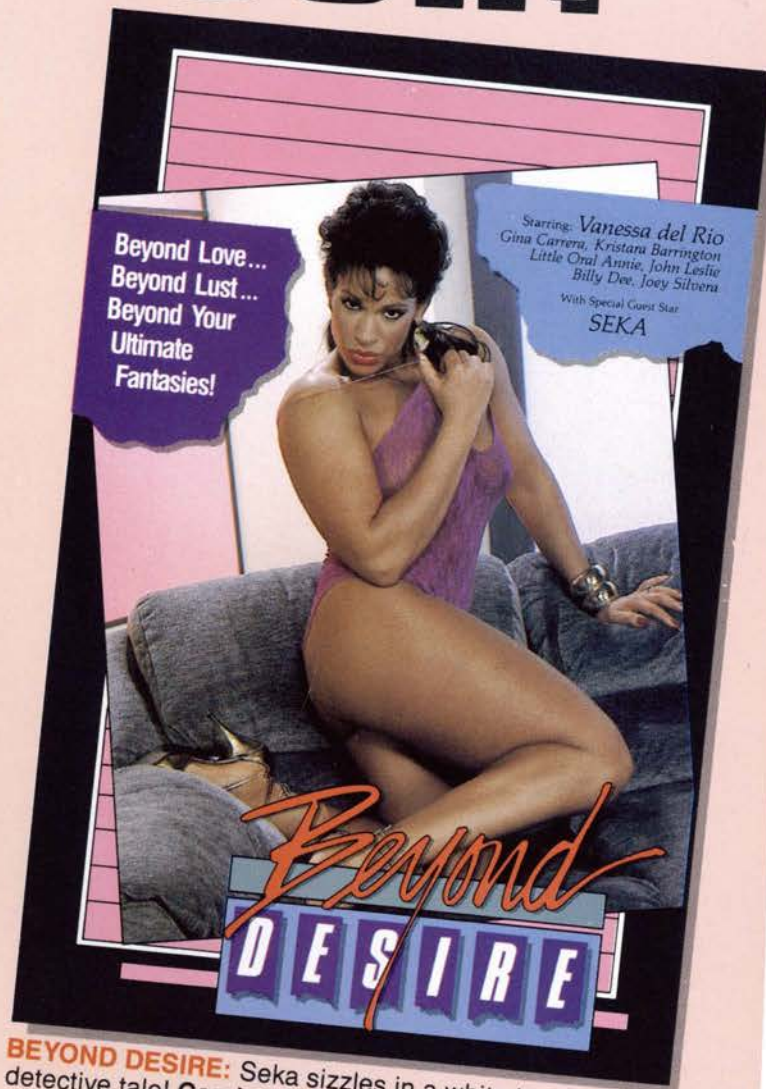
All of HUSTLER's outrageous regular features: red-hot reader correspondence in *Hot Letters*; mouth-watering muffs from across the country in *Beaver Hunt*; the best X-rated reviews around in *HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment*; and the ever irreverent delights of *Bits and Pieces*. The September '86 HUSTLER is definitely one for the memory books.



TWO MUCH!



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